Modern AMOURS:

OR, A

Secret Hiſtory

OF THE

ADVENTURES

Of ſome Perſons of the firſt Rank.

Faithfully related

From the AUTHOR's own Knowledge of each Tranſaction.

With a KEY *prefixed.*

When am'rous CHARLES Britannia's *Sceptre bore,*
Such were our Pleaſures in the Days of yore;
The Nightly Scene of Joy the Park *was made,*
And Love, in Couples, peopled ev'ry Shade:
But ſince at Court the Rural-Taſte *is loſt,*
What mighty Sums have Velvet-Couches *coſt?*

GAY.

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THE

KEY.

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To

TO HER

GRACE

THE

Dutchess of ******

MADAM,

THE Fame of Your GRACE's inimitable Perfections, (which makes You both a Pattern

and Ornament to my Sex) has excited my Ambition, humbly to lay this Manual at Your GRACE's Feet; hoping Your GRACE will pardon my Preſumption, ſince it would be againſt my aſpiring Inclinations to devote any thing that is mine elſewhere.

As it is not the Value of the Gift, but the Intention of the Heart, that makes our Addreſſes acceptable, even to the Divine Being; ſo the Perfections ſo conſpicuous in

Your

Your GRACE, reſemble ſo much HIS Beneficence, that it has encourag'd me to offer to Your GRACE, this my Mite.

FOR the good of my Sex, I ſhould be glad I were capable of deſcribing Your GRACE's Character: But ſuch a Task requires a Soul, as bright and as refin'd as Your GRACE's; therefore muſt recede from ſuch an Attempt.

BUT as my Intention in publiſhing this, is, only to diſcover the fatal Miſtakes, that unwary Youth may plunge themſelves into, if not diverted by early Notions of Virtue, to ward off ſuch deluſive Thoughts; I hope this little Volume may gain Protection under Your GRACE's Patronage.

As for the Characters deſcrib'd in it, I have declar'd them without Partiality to either Sex: And for their Perſons,

Perſons, I ſhall leave the World to their Freedom of Thought. And moſt fortunate ſhall I account myſelf, if, by affording Your GRACE any Diverſion, I may obtain a Pardon for,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Obedient,

AND

Moſt Devoted

Servant.

DEDICATION.

MODERN AMOURS.

PART I.

AS my enſuing Diſcourſe will tend moſtly to unhappy Inſtances, I don't think it amiſs to introduce, in the firſt place, a ſmall Reſemblance of a happy Couple, who live in the full Poſſeſſion of each others Hearts; nor have they any different Moments: Their Lives are a continu'd Scene of Pleaſure,

Pleaſure, and heavenly Society. They have a competent Eſtate to live very decently on, and relieve thoſe that are in want: for whatever God has been pleas'd bountifully to beſtow on them, they taſte with Moderation, and the Remainder they in Gratitude reſtore to the poor.

They are Perſons of admirable good Senſe, and of an exceeding hoſpitable, charitable, compaſſionate, Diſpoſitions: They conſult with each other for the good of their own Family, and ſtrive who ſhall be moſt officious in aſſiſting their Neighbours. They intermeddle with no one's Affairs but their own, unleſs deſir'd; and then none can be more ready to aſſiſt and give Conſolation. They take pleaſure to extricate any Perſon out of Trouble, not accounting it a Merit to themſelves, but rejoice, and give God Thanks for ordaining them Inſtruments of doing his good Services.

They have a neat, genteel Country Seat, where they retire from the Noiſe and

and Follies of the Town. They go to Court only once or twice a Year, to pay their due Reſpects, as all true and loyal Subjects ought to do; and then withdraw to their pleaſant Retreat; which is ſituated within three Miles diſtant of a fine Market-Town; one Side adorn'd with a flouriſhing Wood, the other Side Fields and Meadows, with a pleaſant murmuring Brook, from which they are ſupply'd with Water, to fill Canals and Fiſh-ponds that are fronting the Houſe; with beautiful Gardens on each Side, adorn'd with Gravel-Walks and green Graſs-plots, on the Side of each are little Hedges, interchangeably planted, with Bay, Myrtle, Painted Hollies, Silver Firs, and Pyramids of Yew; all ſo commodiouſly ſituated, that every Tree receives additional Beauty from the fine Proſpect you have of it: No Shades are cut too ſtrong, nor break in harſhly on each other; but the Eye is chear'd at ſo beautiful a Sight; ſo that the very Glance of the Houſes and Gardens ſeems to excite a

Paſſion

Paſſion of the moſt refin'd Pleaſure, and at a cool Reflection the ſevereſt Pain: It repreſenting the State of our Firſt Parents ſo near, which Mankind forfeited by trying forbidden Rules. Here, in this little Paradiſe, lives a ſecond *Adam* and *Eve*, CORIDON and PHYLLIDA. As ſoon as Phœbus bleſſes the Day with his radiant Beams, they ſhake off Slumber, and with a kind Embracé, bleſs each other, returning GOD Thanks for opening their Eyes once more in this World, that they were not ſnatch'd away by a ſudden Death. At the uſual Hour, the Servants are call'd by the Chapel Bell to Prayers, which when over, they all go about ther reſpective Employments with chearful Hearts; ſtriving who ſhall be moſt diligent to ſerve their good Maſter and Miſtreſs, officiouſly aſſiſting each other in every Exerciſe, that nothing may be wanting to compleat a continual Harmony, which they enjoy, having no Strife nor Diſſention among them; nor is any idle, debauch'd, ſwearing Perſon, ever allow'd

allow'd to be in this innocent Society; but if *John* courts *Mary*, the Maſter is ask'd leave for his Conſent; the Miſtreſs diſpoſes of her Female Servants. If there's a Match made, *Coridon* letts them a Farm; by which they are provided for, and made as happy as the *Grand Signior*. They have a tender Regard for all their Servants; and to ſuch as need their Aſſiſtance, they ſhew a compaſſionate Indulgence. GOD has been pleas'd to bleſs them with a beautiful Offspring, which they train up in the ſtricteſt Rules of Virtue; inſtiling into their early Thoughts their juſt way of Life. The Sons are all ſo diſpos'd of, as to live in a manner anſwerable to their Birth and Education; not to depend on a Fortune already got to their hands: The young Ladies are inſtructed in every domeſtick Affair ſuitable to their Sex; and are accompliſh'd with every Perfection that can adorn a virtuous Woman; nor is there an indolent Hour among the little pretty Triflers, but their Thoughts are continually employ'd in finding out

ſome new Invent on in curious Needle-work, or ſomething or other of their innocent Amuſements. Their Table is plentifully ſpread with the Product of their own Husbandry and Induſtry, in cultivating their Eſtate: Their Children, like Olive-branches ſpread round their Table, take their Places according to their Age, with an awful Diſtance, and Minds filled with Obedience and mutual Love for each other, hononring their Father and Mother, with all Reſpect imaginable, joining in Opinions in every Article; ſo that they know not what it is to contradict, or hold an Argument, or deceive each other. They ſeem'd to me like beautiful Flowers rais'd in this Paradiſe, ready to be tranſplanted to their fix'd Abodes, never more to be remov'd. After they have din'd, each Day, they recreate themſelves by walking in this pleaſant Wood, which is of a large Entent, and cut into a variety of Walks, which all meet in the Centre, where is a beautiful Mount of a conſiderable Height, which you aſcend by

by Walks cut round it, that a Coach may be drove up; on the Top of which is a little Summer-houſe, with a Saſh fronting each Walk, which are directly cut for the Proſpect of four Market-Towns, and lie ſix Miles diſtant each from the Centre of the Wood. Here *Phyllida*, to entertain her *Coridon*, touches the Lute; the young Ladies ſing to it: So that they are capable, when they pleaſe, to have a Conſort of the moſt melodious Sound, to divert the Ear; as well as the moſt pleaſing Proſpect to delight the Eye. Here they oftentimes divert themſelves with ſome of their near adjoining Neighbours, who kindly come to viſit, with a Country-Dance. When they have refreſhed themſelves with ſuch innocent Recreations in this agreeable manner, in ſo pleaſant a Regale, after they have paſs'd the Morning in careful Induſtry, this diffuſes a ſweet Complacency over their whole Minds. And how can it be otherwiſe with Conſciences void of Offence; where the Muſick of neigbouring Bells, the Sym-

phony of Birds, the gentle Humming of Bees? in ſhort, the Beauties and the Charms of Nature and Art court all their Faculties, and ſmooth every Avenue of Thought. When they have paſs'd away the Afternoon in this agreeable Receſs, they return Home, and all the Family is ſummon'd to Prayers, as in the Morning.

A Reflection on ſuch a Country Life as this, one would think, ſhould excite a Paſſion of Scorn to the mean Follies and Debaucheries that the greateſt part of Mankind bury themſelves in. I ſhall only ask the Reader, which Idea is moſt pleaſing to the Fancy? *Phyllida*, by the Side of a purling Stream; on each Side the gentle Zephers wantonly playing with ambroſial Flowers, that give a fragrant Smell, to infuſe into our Thoughts a juſt and lively Senſe of the noble Works of the Creation: Look on each Side, and view the little Lambs skipping and playing, and the ſweet Nightingale warbling through her pretty Throat, the pleaſing Sounds, as Nature originally

nally inſtituted, without any Artifice to delude the Ear; then ſit beneath a lovely Shade, that defends you from the ſcorching Rays of Phœbus, and view the little Fiſhes playing in the ſilver Stream: Then take your Lute, and join in conſort with the liſtening feather'd Choir, who ſtrive to mimick each Note; nay, the Eccho's from afar conſpire to gratify the Ear. What pleaſing Meditations does ſuch a Scene of Delight cauſe in one's Imagination! Nor is there any Character more deſervedly eſteem'd, than that of a Country Gentleman or Lady, who ſo underſtand the Station in which Heaven and Nature have plac'd them, to live as *Coridon* and *Phyllida* does, juſtly dividing their Time between Solitude and Company. When a Man or Woman in the Country has this Turn, as it is to be hop'd thouſands have, they enjoy more Happineſs in this Condition, than any deſcrib'd in the paſtoral Deſcription of Poets, or the vain-glorious Solitudes recorded by ancient Philoſophers: I will not therefore mention

Scipio and *Lælius*, who are generally quoted on ſuch Subjects, to ſtrengthen the Charms of a Rural Life; for whoever does not feel the Force of an agreeable View and Situation in their own Imaginations, can never be excited to it by the Reflection of others. But one great Addition in a Country Life, is, when a Perſon truly knows the Vanities of the Town, and is fully ſatiated with its Follies and Debaucheries.

HAVING deſcrib'd a Rural *Phyllida*, I ſhall now draw a modern *Belle*, and leave the Readers to their Choice and Freedom of Thought, which ſeems to give moſt Satisfaction. Her manner of Life is this:

ABOUT Two in the Afternoon ſhe riſes, and has her Breakfaſt, either of Tea, Coffee, or Chocolate, as her Ladyſhip likes. (I muſt not preſume to name Water-Gruel, tho' one may reaſonably imagine their Conſtitutions may need it) In the next place, the Fatigue of the Toilet, about three Hours, with

with a falſe, deluding, inſinuating Gypſy, praiſing each Feature. Then her Ladyſhip ſays, Lord! how I look to-day! Indeed Madam, *replies Mrs. Impertinence,* I never ſaw you look better, ſince I had the Honour to wait on your Ladyſhip. Then the Liſt of Viſits to be paid that Afternoon is read over; after which, her Ladyſhip is under obligation to go to the Play, tho' it is Maſquerade Night. As ſoon as the Play is done, then to the Maſquerade. About Six in the Morning ſhe comes Home, dying for want of Sleep, and diſorder'd beyond Expreſſion: yet ſhe can't ſafely reconcile herſelf to her Pillow, without reproaching her miſtaken Fancy, for not having ſuch a Dreſs as my Lady *Airy,* or my Lady *Trifle,* or my Lady *Modiſh,* who are her chief Companions. This is a Specimen of the delightful, pleaſing Pleaſures of many of our modern Ladies: But the Height of all their tranſporting, raviſhing Delights, is *Quadrille, Ombre, Picquet, Commerce, Baſſet, Ace of Hearts, Pharaoh*; and ſome

are

are for *Nicks*, *Mains* and *Chances*, in the little Ivory hazardous things. Thus do they fret each Day and Night away, loſing their Fortunes with their Peace, and ruining their Conſtitutions, bringing Imputations on their Characters to ſucceeding Generations, and converſing with Sharpers in embroider'd Cloaths: They receive no Pleaſure from any thing elſe, but are captivated and born down by this torrent of Vanity; nor have they Time for Devotion, but their Souls are bigotted and infatuated to theſe unaccountable Follies; ſo that their whole Scene of Life is a tireſome, fatiguing, reſtleſs, State. They are Strangers to a ſweet Repoſe, becauſe their buſy Fancies deceive them by Night as well as Day; they dream of winning thouſands, but wake without a ſingle *Guinea*, and are put to the utmoſt Extremity of their Invention and Contrivance to raiſe a Sum to begin, and try that Jilt Dame Fortune again; ſtill buoying themſelves up with Hopes of better Luck, till at laſt, perhaps, they are oblig'd to ſtake what I

ſhall

ſhall not name. But when a Lady's Honour is once loſt, 'tis not in the Power of Fortune to retrieve the Stake, which is the unhaqpy Caſe of a great many fine Women in this Kingdom.

What a melancholy Fate was that of the beautiful and celebrated Sylvia, who had ten thouſand Pounds left her by her Father, at her own Diſpoſal; but having an aſpiring Mind, thought it not ſufficient to ſupport an Equipage ſuitable to her Ambition, could not forbear trying her Luck; but too ſoon Duce Ace was her Fate, and all her Fortune was exhauſted and confiſcated, and got into the Hands of ſuch as live upon the Spoils of the Unwary. Yet to the very laſt, ſhe bore up with ſuch Courage, that no one was apprehenſive ſhe had loſt any thing. But one of the Ladies that was then at the Table, after *Sylvia*'s Deceaſe, remember'd the following Expreſſion:

'Tis

'Tis done; for once I'll venture all;
Tis brave to periſh by a noble Fall.

POMFRET.

She loſt her Stake, and roſe from the Table with an agreeable Air, made an eaſy Excuſe for breaking off ſo ſoon, wiſh'd them good Luck, and bid good Night, with a ſweet ſmile, which was always fix'd on her lovely Face. So great was her Command of Temper, that ſhe never diſcover'd to her moſt intimate Friends, whether her Luck had been bad or good; tho' at that Moment ſhe was ſtripp'd of every Groat.

BUT, oh! a dreadful Reſolution had ſhe fix'd in her Mind! She went directy Home, her Woman thinking ſome Indiſpoſition had caus'd her to return ſo ſoon from the Aſſembly; but when ſhe came into the Room ſhe thought the contrary; for ſhe order'd her Supper with all Chearfulneſs imaginable. But one Story her Woman remember'd.

SAYS *ſhe*, Who do you think, *Sukey*, I ſaw to-night at the Aſſembly? that mean ſpirited Creature, Miſs *S*——, that is ſupported by her Brorher's Benevolence, after her ill Luck of loſing her Fortune. I can't think what ſuch a Perſon's Soul muſt be made of, that could ever ſtoop ſo far as to inform her Brother of her ill Conduct, and imprudent Management; to let it be known to all the World, ſhe had loſt her Fortune, and accept of a bare Maintenance from a Brother.

SURE, *added ſhe*, was that my unhappy Caſe, I would run the riſque of plunging into another World, and my Follies ſhould die with me, before I would ever put it into the power of an imperious Brother, or any Perſon elſe, to upbraid me with keeping me, after my Extravagancy of running out my Fortune.

THUS ſhe prattled ſomething or other; but nothing by which her Woman could diſcover any Diſorder in her Mind, but quite to the contrary. She eat her Supper, and in a little time went

went to Bed. The next Morning, as her Woman was always accuſtom'd, ſhe went to her Lady's Chamber, to undraw the Curtains, and open the Windows; but when ſhe came to the Door, it was lock'd, ſo that ſhe could not enter: She wonder'd at the Meaning of it, becauſe her Lady had never lock'd herſelf in her Room, during the time ſhe had liv'd with her: But however, ſhe took no notice to any Perſon, thinking her Lady might have a mind to ſleep longer than uſual, ſo determin'd not to attempt to go into the Room till ſhe rung. At laſt ſhe was a little ſurpris'd, fearing ſomething was the matter, it being now one o'clock, and her Lady not ſtirring; for tho' ſhe ſat up late, ſhe never lay paſt Nine in the Morning. At laſt, being impatient, thought it would not be amiſs to try if ſhe could by any Means enter the Room; but when ſhe came, ſhe found it lock'd, as before, and all Endeavours were in vain to open it: She knock'd, and call'd ſoftly at firſt, till at laſt ſhe made Noiſe enough, if poſſible, to awake

awake the Dead. The Footman came up to ſee what was the matter, ſhe anſwer'd, ſhe fear'd her Lady was dead, for ſhe could not make her hear, and that ſhe was lock'd out of the Room; the Footman was much ſtartl'd to hear it, and thought it could be no Offence to break open the Door, which accordingly he did, with all Expedition imaginable. But oh! what a horrid and ſhocking Sight firſt repreſented itſelf to their View in entring the Room! There was the white and ivory Limbs of the tender Lady all beſmear'd in Blood, and beaten to a Jelly in ſtriving to prevent, what was then too late, that fatal Reſolution of Suicide; and in this manner did ſhe effect it:

She took her gold Girdle, and put it round her ſnowy Neck, ty'd a Knot at the end on't, open'd her Cloſet-Door and threw it over; the Door had a Spring-Lock, which ſhe flung to. Too late reflecting on her Raſhneſs, in vain ſhe ſtruggl'd to ſave herſelf, for the Knot being on the other Side, bore her up from the Ground,

and ſoon put a Period to her Life, without any Conſideration where her immortal Soul muſt go. Before the Execution of this wretched Cataſtrophe, ſhe had wrote on the Window theſe Lines:

O Death! thou pleaſing End to human Woe,
Thou Cure for Life, thou greateſt Good below!
Still may'ſt thou fly the Coward and the Slave,
And thy ſoft Slumbers only bleſs the Brave!

UNFORTUNATE poor Lady! with what vain Notions did'ſt thou deceive thyſelf, to commit ſuch an execrable Deed; the very Reflection on't makes my Soul to ſhudder, and each Faculty almoſt incapable of its reſpective Duties! to think that a Perſon of her good Senſe ſhould be led by the Wiles of the great Enemy of Mankind, to ſuch a Degree to dare Omnipotence, as much as to ſay it was impoſſible to make her miſerable in this Life. But 'twas a melancholy Voyage, to be launch'd into the wide Ocean of Eternity, without a Pilot to direct her Courſe, where nothing could be expected,

pected, but to be ſunk into a bottomleſs Abyſs.

One would think the wretched End of this unhappy Lady, would deter others from purſuing any of thoſe Vanities, that could ever draw them into ſuch dreadful Temptations, to ruin their precious and immortal Souls, as well as abuſing the happy State in which God has been pleaſed to place them, in this Life: But too many unhappy Inſtances we often find of People that purſue Folly to ſuch a Pitch of Extravagancy.

Such Pleaſures as theſe, uſed in moderation, might be a Means to mitigate many Diſappoiutments that too often diſturb our Peace. 'Tis not a Crime to go to ſee a good Play; becauſe the Behaviour of a fine Gentleman, or a virtuous Woman, may cauſe an impreſſion in the Spectators to exert themſelves to imitate the Beauties of ſuch a Character; and likewiſe the Villany, Simplicity, and Debauchery, and Audaciouſneſs of a baſe Character, may cauſe a Deteſtation and Abhor-

rence of any thing tending to ſuch a Life. Nor is it amiſs for a Lady to divert herſelf by playing a ſober Game at Cards, or by going to an Opera once in a Seaſon, or a Maſquerade. Thoſe Amuſements, not us'd to Exceſs, are very allowable in Youth; but to give themſelves up to ſuch Vanities, is very wretched, whoſe Caſe ſoever it is. I ſhould be very ſorry that any pretty Lady that reads this, ſhould be conſcious of any of theſe Errors, ſo far as to think it levell'd at her; but I ſhould rejoice if it would have the happy Effect of convincing them, they are all deluded Notions; and that the innocent Life of a Rural *Phyllida* might make them impatient to purſue thoſe raviſhing Pleaſures a Country Life affords.

THE

THE

Unhappy Adultery.

THE Unfortunate Lady, whom I ſhall next ſpeak of, was Daughter to a certain General, who married her very young to a Noble Lord of a very ancient Extraction, who was a tender, kind, and indulgent Husband to her; and ſhe was a chaſte, virtuous, dutiful, and obedient Wife to him, for the ſpace of ſome Years, ſo that they ſeem'd to enjoy an exquiſite Satisfaction in a mutual Endeavour to pleaſe each other. They had always an inward Fond-

neſs, pleading for each other, that gave new Beauties to every thing that was excellent, and made Things really indifferent, appear with Charms, and covered every thing defective; ſo kind was their Propenſity and byaſs of Mind. But alaſs! this Heavenly Society was not to be continued, for poor *Caſtilia* was to be plung'd into unheard-of Scenes of Sorrow, and the tender Regard her Lord bore to her, was chang'd into Diſlike and Contempt, for no juſt Reaſon; nor was ſhe conſcious of any diſhonourable Action that could incur his Diſpleaſure: But he conceal'd his treacherous Deſign from her, and ſtill feign'd an agreeable Fondneſs towards her, tho' his wicked Soul was endeavouring Ways and Means to accuſe her Honour, and draw her into ſome criminal Scrape.

PARDON me if I form a Conjecture too ſevere on his Lordſhip; but I really think I put the favourableſt Conſtructions that ſuch odd Proceedings can admit of; for, certainly, no

Man

Man in his Reaſon, if he had had no premeditated Deſign, would have done as he did. And tho' he had juſt Cauſe to believe his Wife's Virtue impregnable, 'tis very apparent he had a Deſign to beſiege it, and attack'd it in the ſtrongeſt manner; for *Caſtilia* was but juſt arriv'd to the full Perfection of her Beauty, and was unacquainted with the Power of her Charms, which render'd her ten thouſand times more agreeable to the Eyes of her languſhing Beholders. The Gentlemen admir'd her with an awful Reſpect, accounting her the Mirror of her Sex, for Beauty, good Senſe, and Obedience to her Lord: The Ladies thought it an Honour to be accounted one of the Number of her Acquaintance; ſo far was ſhe from any Blemiſh or Imputation on her Character. She was clear from thoſe little Failings ſo natural and incident to the Sex; as Pride, Affectation, Cenſure, Slander, or judging or condemning any, that ſhe had not the leaſt taint; but to the contrary, 'twas her Soul's Abhorrence;

for

for her Mind was full of Compaſſion, Charity, Conſolation to any amidſt Misfortunes, in what kind ſoever.

To ſay ſhe was a Perſon of uncommon Capacity, and good Senſe, it may be thought I ſpeak out of Partiality to her Memory, but 'tis not in my Power to ſpeak according to her Deſert and Merits; in the Station ſhe was in, when I had the Honour to know her, I look'd upon her to be as happy a Creature as this World contained; being bleſs'd with a plentiful Fortune, endued with every rare Quality that could adorn the Mind; her Temper ſo ſerene, her Thoughts ſo calm; in ſhort, ſhe was the moſt endearing Friend, and indulgent Wife; which makes me confident ſhe was no eaſy Conqueſt to be prevail'd upon to depart from ſo juſt a way of living; but ſome ſingular Villany was practis'd to betray and deceive her.

When I reflect on't, I tremble to think, one that had ſo lively and virtuous a Senſe of the Dictates of ſo deſperate a Paſſion as Love, could be wrought

wrought upon ſo far as to be guilty of breaking through all the Ties of Nature, Honour, and Duty, as ſhe, poor unhappy Lady, was, and ſo blinded in a criminal Correſpondence.

But to detain the Reader no longer, the Story is thus: My Lord retir'd into the Country, and took with him his beautiful Spouſe *Caſtilia*, who ſeem'd more pleas'd with that ſolitary Retreat, with her Lord and Maſter, in whom ſhe plac'd all her Joys, and center'd all her Thoughts of Bliſs. For his Company was all ſhe deſir'd, and in enjoying that, ſhe thought herſelf entirely bleſs'd, more than in all the Gayeties and Splendor of a Court, where ſhe was ſo univerſally belov'd and admir'd.

My Lord ſtay'd ſome Time with her, but being oblig'd to go to Court, he left her behind him, intending to return as ſoon as poſſible; but oh! fatal Journey to poor *Caſtilia!* My Lord meeting with an Acquaintance of his at Court, whoſe Name was *Philander*, a ſingle Gentleman, and an exceed-

ceeding agreeable Companion, would not be deny'd the Pleaſure of his Company with him to his Country Seat: *Philander* having no Buſineſs of Importance to hinder him from obliging his Lordſhip in his Requeſt, readily conſented to wait on him there. They ſet out together, and ſoon arriv'd where *Caſtilia* was, every Minute expecting her Lord's Return, and counting the melancholy Hours of his tedious Abſence; but when ſhe heard the ſound of the Horſes, and the noiſe of the Chariot-Wheels, ſhe ran, with open and impatient Arms, to receive her Soul's chiefeſt Pleaſure, her dear Lord, and Husband, to her panting Boſom, and claſp him to her Heart, laviſhly beſtowing the moſt endearing Kiſſes, and tender Expreſſions, as were poſſible for ſo engaging a Creature.

LITTLE did ſhe think her Lord had brought one with him that was to be the Inſtrument of her utter Ruin. But alas! too fatally it prov'd her Deſtruction in this Life, and, without fin-

ſincere Repentance, her immortal Soul's Diſquiet.

Philander, at the firſt Sight of *Caſtilia*, was ſtruck into the moſt profound Silence, which render'd him incapable of paying his Compliments to her, being ſo aſhoniſh'd at her Beauty, and her endearing Kindneſs to my Lord. She receiv'd him with all the Marks of Friendſhip imaginable, in regard to his being my Lord's Acquaintance: that ſhe did out of a ſincere Reſpect to her Husband; for her whole Thoughts were employ'd in ſtndying how to oblige him.

How tranſitory and fleeting are our imaginary Hopes of mortal Pleaſures! 'Twas very reaſonable for *Caſtilia*, (the Station ſhe was then in) to premeditate to herſelf a long Date of happy Years, and to have clos'd the Scene of this Life in being a joyful Mother of Children, and a chaſte and virtuous Wife, which would have cauſed at her laſt *Exit*, the Approbation of Heaven, and the Plaudits of Men.

BUT to proceed: My Lord was over-ſollicitous to *Caſtilia* for her to make much of *Philander*, proteſting, he was the only Perſon he had ſo entire and ſincere a Friendſhip for; extolling his Merit to the Skies, and farther added, If it was poſſible, he would prevail on him to ſtay and keep her Company whilſt he went to Court, his Affairs obliging him to leave her for ſome time, thinking ſhe might be melancholy alone; and a more agreeable Companion could not be found in the Eyes of my Lord, than *Philander* ſeem'd to be.

BUT certainly his Lordſhip could have no due Conſideration by ſuch a Propoſal, unleſs he had a premeditated Deſign to lay a Snare to tempt his Wife, to make an Addition to her Fortune of ten thouſand Pounds, at ſo dear a Purchaſe as her Virtue, Honour, and Reputation. How hard and obdurate muſt ſuch a Heart be, that could admit of a Thought to betray ſo lovely and innocent a Creature!

But I fear there are too many of theſe modern Husbands in this Age, that would be contented to have themſelves regiſter'd in the illuſtrious Roll of Cuckolds, for the bare Lucre of the Damages that might be brought in for their intended Sufferings. * Beſides this, another great Conveniency attends; they get rid of their Wives by the Bargain, without returning their Fortunes: Bnt ſometimes they don't recover the Damages ſo ſoon, perhaps, as premeditated; becauſe the Defendant may fly his Country, and leave the poor Cuckold to bite his Fingers, which is the Reward all ſuch injur'd, poor unfortunate Creatures, as they are pleas'd to ſtyle themſelves, deſerve, and my earneſt Wiſhes, all that will be ever recoverable for them to receive.

When I think of the unheard of Proceedings, and treacherous Plots that were contriv'd, carry'd on, and executed, to ruin poor *Caſtilia*, I could fly out into Ravings and Exclamati-

* *Sir* W. Y.

ons againſt all their Sex: But the firſt Perſon I ſhould vent my Spleen upon, would be the Gentleman in Canonical Robes; † him I think really worth remarking; but more of that hereafter, and return to my Lord's going to Court; who left his beautiful Wife in Tears, to be comforted by the young, amorous, and enchanting *Philander*; a Man endued with all Accompliſhments to render him agreeable in the Eyes of Womankind.

Such ſweet perſuaſive Language flow'd in full Torrents from his bewitching Tongue, none could chuſe but love and admire him; ſo modeſt was his Behaviour; ſo ſoft was every Expreſſion; ſo awful was his Diſtance; ſo reſpectful and engaging was every little Contrivance to divert *Caſtilia*, that ſhe could not chuſe but be mov'd to admire his Goodneſs; far from diſcovering any other Intention of his, towards her; but ſhe rather accounted him like unto a Brother, than any thing elſe.

So

† *My Lord's Chaplain.*

So the Time paſs'd on till my Lord had been gone a Week or two, before he made any Advances of Love towards her, to be obſerv'd; tho' his Soul was burſting with Deſire, till one Day, at Table,— Cruel and wretched Fate for poor *Caſtilia!* That Day open'd her Scene of Sorrows, and till then was ſhe clear, and unacquainted with any Thought but what was chaſte and virtuous. *Philander* ſat oppoſite to her, and fix'd his Eyes in ſuch a languiſhing, deſiring manner, as 'tis impoſſible to expreſs. Whilſt ſhe was carving for him, ſhe happen'd to turn her Eyes, and found him in that Poſture: She ask'd him, if he lik'd what ſhe help'd him to? but with ſuch a confus'd Look, and innocent Bluſh, that added freſh Charms to every Beauty in her Face: She endeavour'd to conceal her Surprize, but found it impoſſible; ſhe was immediately ſeiz'd with a ſudden Alteration through her Heart; neither could ſhe conceive what could cauſe it; yet ſhe thought, till that Moment ſhe never ſaw any

thing ſo raviſhing to behold, as *Philander*. As ſoon as Dinner was ended, ſhe retir'd to her Cloſet, and paſs'd the remaining Part of the Day there; tho' at other times ſhe us'd to divert herſelf at Cards, or ſome other Amuſement, with *Philander*: But ſhe found herſelf incapable of any ſuch Exerciſe then; ſhe call'd to her Woman to bring her ſome Chocolate, and told her, ſhe was not well, and that ſhe muſt excuſe her to *Philander*, being not able to come down; her Woman retir'd, and did as ſhe was order'd, and left her to undergo the greateſt Conflict imaginable; ſhe wreſtled with herſelf, and rebuk'd her Thoughts in the ſevereſt Manner that Nature could command; ſhe bluſh'd, and ſhudder'd at the dreadful Apprehenſions of what might enſue; ſhe thought herſelf abandon'd and deteſtable, to admire any but her Lord; but in vain ſhe try'd to raze the lovely Image of *Philander* out of her Mind. She found the Thoughts of my Lord were vaniſh'd; ſhe began to wiſh his Stay might be longer

longer than propos'd; and could not help admiring ſomething ſo amiable in *Philander*, that ſhe found herſelf to be fatally ſmitten with his enſnaring Behaviour. Thus ſhe ſpent the Day in the utmoſt Anxiety of Mind, til Supper-time came, when ſhe was not inclin'd to form another Excuſe, but rather choſe to endeavour, if ſhe could, to conquer ſo wild a Paſſion, and reconcile her Thoughts to eſteem every Word and Action of *Philander*'s indifferent, and rather deſpiſe than applaud them. She went down Stairs with this fix'd Reſolution, where ſhe found *Philander* waiting, with Impatience, to ſee her, the only Object of his captivated Senſes; and when ſhe approach'd the Room, he made her a Bow, in ſuch an humble Poſture, and broke Silence in ſo tender a Strain, in enquiring about her Health, that *Caſtilia* found her Reſolution would be but of ſhort Continuance, and that ſhe ſhould aggravate her Diſeaſe, ſooner than find a Remedy to cure: She was afraid to ſpeak, or look at him;

in ſhort, ſhe found herſelf going to launch into a deſperate Paſſion of Love, nor was ſhe inſenſible of his Affection for her ; 'twas very diſcernable in *Philander*'s Eyes: There ſhe might plainly read Love's heavy Burthen had ſeiz'd his ſubmiſſive Heart with ſo violent a Flame, as would have mov'd a frozen Heart to Pity ; and in ſuch ſoft Sighs did he expreſs his raging Pains, as even Tears of Compaſſion muſt have waited on his Moan ; ſuch tender Looks did he caſt on her, that ſeem'd to tell he muſt die a Martyr to her Charms, and not attempt to advance farther, for fear of offending, and be entirely baniſh'd from ſo divine a Creature. So having ſupp'd, *Philander* entertain'd her with ſome agreeable Diſcourſe for an Hour or two ; then they took Leave of each other for that Night : *Caſtilia* retir'd to her Room thoroughly conquer'd. For tho' ſhe had lov'd her Lord as much as is reaſonable for any Woman to love her Husband, yet ſhe found ſomething in her Paſſion for *Philander*, entirely

new

new to her; neither could ſhe lay a Reſtraint on her Inclinations, ſo far, but they would ſtill plead in favour of his Charms. She was perfectly ſubdued and captivated, and the God of Love reign'd ſole Monarch of her Soul; ſhe found his Tyranny rage and thrill through her Heart; in vain ſhe ſtrove for Help.

She felt the cruel ſpreading Venom range
Through all her Soul, and every Atom change;
No skillful Artiſt could preſcribe a Means
To ſave *Caſtilia*, and to eaſe her Pains:
For ſhe that Hour from Virtue's Rules was fled,
And to adulterous Paths her Footſteps led,
A dangerous and precarious Road for Woman-kind to tread.

Too fatally ſhe found it ſo by Experience. The Time paſs'd on, *Philander* exerted himſelf to the fartheſt Bounds of his Capacity, and in the moſt inſinuating manner that was poſſible. Finding ſome Alterations in *Caſtilia*'s Looks, that he took more Freedom than uſual, but with ſuch Caution, that 'twas ſcarce diſcernable; when he took her by the Hand to aſ-

ſiſt

ſiſt her in and out of her Chariot, he would give it a tender ſqueeze, with a ſoft Sigh that alarm'd *Caſtilia*'s Soul; till at laſt he contriv'd a formal Story concerning my Lord's Charge to him at his Departure, and that he had never executed his Commands as yet; hoping ſhe would pardon him if he took the liberty of a Salute, ſince it was his Lordſhip's Commands he ſhould kiſs her every time ſhe ſigh'd, to deter her from melancholy Thoughts in his Abſence, and to make her cautious how ſhe gave way to the Spleen, and Vapours. At that, *Caſtilia* gave a Sigh, and ſaid, my Lord was very merry at his Departure, to leave ſuch Orders; more ſhe was going to ſay, but *Philander* interrupted her: Now, Madam, *ſays he*, I challenge from this Time; and with them Words flew to her Arms, tranſported beyond his Reaſon, and eagerly took ſuch balmy Kiſſes from her ruby Lips, that *Jove* would have wiſh'd to have deſcended in a Golden Shower, to have rivall'd him. They were both loſt in

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an Extaſy of Pleaſure ; *Caſtilia* made but weak Reſiſtance; and oh ! the fatal Conſequence ſoon purſued their guilty Pleaſures, to both their Ruins! that Night the unhappy Deed was done, and *Philander* had all the Liberties that could be admitted to a Lover, given him.

So that Night was ſpent in rapturous Bliſſes, and Vows of eternal Conſtancy. Then he began to exclaim againſt my Lord, for not ſetting a juſt Value on ſuch an adorable Creature; and that he neglected her Charms, only framing Excuſes to leave her, his Affairs being not of Importance ſufficient to call him away ; without diſpute, *continued he* , his Lordſhip has ſome Favourite She, that has engag'd his Company. Such Speeches as theſe he urg'd to make *Caſtilia* ground an ill Opinion of her Lord, and to think her Crime the leſs. But he might have ſpar'd his Pains ; *Caſtilia*'s yielding Heart was ready to catch at every Word in favour of her Fault, and had perfectly conceiv'd a Diſlike,

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in her Mind, of her Lord. She then began to think he had ſlighted her in a very great meaſure; for if he was abſent ever ſo long, he would ſeldom or never write, and if he did, 'twas ſuch indifferent, regardleſs Language, that ſeem'd to declare it was troubleſome, and that a Wife was a neceſſary Incumbrance to fatigue Mankind. *Caſtilia* perus'd all her Lord's Letters he had ſent to her ſince Marriage, and could not find one ſoft Line that expreſs'd any Paſſion of Love for her; but his Theme was worldly Cares, ſome trifling Buſineſs or other was always the Subject of his Diſcourſe. *Caſtilia* being very young, weighing thoſe things in her Mind, thought herſelf not ſo deſpicable a Creature to be ſlighted in ſo groſs a manner as ſhe plainly ſaw ſhe was. She believ'd his Lordſhip to be of the Opinion of a certain Duke: A Perſon enquiring of him, how his beautiful Dutcheſs did? he anſwer'd ſome how, very regardleſs, and ſaid, She was as well as he wiſh'd all Wives to be; when, at the

ſame

ſame time, ſhe lay at the Point of Death, and her Life deſpair'd of. The Perſon was ſurpriz'd at his Anſwer, and rebuk'd him, telling him, he was aſtoniſh'd how he could ſlight ſo charming a Lady; and farther told him, that he was publickly talk'd of, and condemn'd by all; but he really did not believe he had ſuch Notions, till he heard it confirm'd from his own Mouth. With that, *the Duke reply'd*, I own my Dutcheſs to be as fine a Woman as any in *England*, and I could be dying in Love for her, and eſteem her preferable to all Womankind; but when I conſider ſhe's my Wife, all thoſe Charms are fled.

I am afraid there are too many of his Grace's Opinion, that are not ſo plain in expreſſing themſelves, of both gentle and ſimple, that would be glad to have their Wives make a falſe Step, to take an Advantage of the Law, not out of Honeſty, Virtue, or Goodneſs. Such Villany, I think, deſerves an uncommon Puniſhment, and the Authors of ſuch Miſchief to be branded

for

for their Cruelty, and to have their Names rot in Oblivion and Deteſtation to all Mankind. If I could gain my Wiſh, I would have all ſuch Caitiffs outlaw'd, and not admitted into the common Society of Men; they ſhould converſe with nothing but brute Beaſts, which is neareſt to their Nature; there were a great many ſuch employ'd to watch *Caſtilia*; my Lord did not lay a Bait without ſomebody to guard the Line, giving a ſtrict Charge, the Hook might be deeply ſwallow'd, not to loſe the Bite; and they were over-officious to aſſiſt in ſo villainous, barbarous, and damnable an Undertaking; thinking to inſinuate themſelves into Favour; and without diſpute they were reaſonably paid for ſwearing what they never ſaw; for had they not been order'd, what Servant would have dar'd to have had the Impudence and Aſſurance to peep through a Key-hole, to ſee what her Lady was doing? none but a Perſon that had been in Bed with a Footman, and might be willing

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to perſuade herſelf all Fleſh has its Frailties; and therefore was willing to ſatisfy her Curioſity ſo far as to ſee if her Lady was not ſubject to the ſame Errors as ſhe herſelf had been guilty of: For no Perſon can perſuade me, that any Creature could form a Suſpicion to themſelves of *Caſtilia*'s Virtue, without Inſtructions from ſomebody that had laid a Sheme for her Ruin and Deſtruction; which I firmly believe was a premeditated Deſign againſt her Honour: For, why ſhould there be Spies ſet to obſerve her Behaviour, and common Footmen and Porters to take Obſervation who was admitted to her Ladyſhip, and inform her Lord?

My Lord may imagine he has acquir'd no Imputation on his Fame, through ſuch dark and myſterious Proceedings; but ſucceeding Generations will repeat the Story of *Caſtilia*'s Fate, and ſhed Tears of Compaſſion on her Tomb.

But to return to loſt *Caſtilia*, whoſe Remembrance moves my Soul, to think

on the innocent State ſhe fell from, and what a Precipice ſhe ſtood on, ready to fall irrecoverably; and how many Agents there were to puſh her forward, to plunge her into inexpreſſible Scenes of Miſery and Sorrow: She was loſt in a wild Paſſion of Love for *Philander*; he was her chiefeſt Thoughts by Day, and Dreams by Night; for he had ſo far deluded her Reaſon, to make her believe it was no Crime, where Souls were ſo mutually join'd to love and adore each other, as theirs were, to purſue the fartheſt Extent of ſo deſperate a Paſſion.

For, *ſaid he*, would the Gods ſo cruelly inſtitute in human Nature ſo pleaſing a Deſire as Love, and at the ſame time not allow the obeying its Dictates? No ſure! 'twas a Preſumption to entertain a Thought like that: 'Twas falſe and broken Vows made Love a Sin, the Product of Luſt: as ſoon as having enjoy'd what ſuch vicious Appetites long for, then they ſeek ſome new Prey, their whole Inten-

tentions being ſet on deceiving innocent and unguarded Hearts; they have no Value for any, longer than they have made a Conqueſt, and gain'd their vile Ends: Such Proceedings, *added he*, I believe to be Crimes of the darkeſt Dye; but my Paſſion for you, my adorable Angel, is far from any Stain like that, but to the contrary, 'tis of the moſt refin'd Nature; for as long as my Soul inhabits my Body, ſhall all my Joys centre in you, and if after Death there is Knowlege and Remembrance of Affections here, I'll ruſh through the innumerable Crowd to ſeek my Love. There, *ſaid he*, ſhall we be free from that tyrannical Creature a Husband; there ſhall I not fear to own my Soul's only Pleaſure, and be her Guardian-Angel, deſpiſing Time and Death; for none of thoſe buſy Ills will have Admittance to diſturb our Peace, and inexpreſſible Felicity; thus reaping never-dying Joys, when our tranſported Souls meet, diſſolving in Extaſies of continual Pleaſures.

Nor can my fair *Caſtilia* think our Paſſions criminal, that propitious Heaven has given ſuch Opportunities to indulge. Your Husband was decreed to be the inſtrumental Cauſe of our firſtMeeting; but my Heart was yours by Sympathy of Nature. The firſt time I heard your Name, what ſtrange Strugglings ſeiz'd my Mind; flat and irregular all my Pulſes beat, I found a ſudden Diſorder thril through every Vein; and my ſecret Wiſhes ſeem'd to ſay, That's the Object ordain'd for me. When I was admitted to the pleaſing ſight of your beautious Form, I ſoon found I was ordain'd your Slave. When I ſaw you run to your Husband, and throw thoſe Ivory Arms ronnd hisNeck, I could have burſt with Rage, to ſee ſuch kind Endearments ſo idly beſtow'd; for they rather ſeem'd troubleſome and impertinent, than any way engaging; and wanting to get rid of, what any Mortal but himſelf, would have thought raviſhing Pleaſures: And how would he form Excuſes, to leave fair *Caſtilia*. But 'twas decreed

decreed it ſhould be ſo, that I might have an Opportunity to expreſs my Sufferings to your dear Self.

I WAS aſtoniſh'd and ſpeechleſs, when I firſt ſaw your Beauty; and my Heart gave a ſudden Start from my Breaſt, to meet the kind Arrow that gave the pleaſing Wound; for ſure the Queen of Love was leſs charming, when ſhe ſtrove with the rival Goddeſſes, than you appear'd to me.

BUT that I account only as a Light to lead me to the immenſe Treaſure of your Mind, whoſe inward Virtues extend beyond human Comprehenſion or Expreſſion! there's a Beauty never to decay. And tho' envious Time may eraſe the Charms of that lovely Face, it has no Power to diſarm your Soul; nor can Time or Death change my Affections for ſo divine a Beauty. And, ſhould my ill-contriv'd Fate, or unlucky, unexpected, unfortunate Accident happen, to part me from my Soul's delight,

To ſome remote, and diſtant Iſle I'd go,
And vent my tortur'd Soul in Grief and Woe:
To harmleſs Birds I'd eccho forth my Song,
And tell, how cruel Fates have done me wrong.
Parted from you, I part from all that's dear,
That can yield Joy, or give me Pleaſure here:
No tedious Abſence ſhall my Mind controul,
Or raze thy fair Idea from my Soul.

In this manner he conſtantly addreſs'd himſelf to her, till he had gain'd ſuch an Aſcendant over her, that ſhe rather accounted it a Merit to love him, than ſeem regardleſs to his ſoothing Tongue; ſo that it would have puzzl'd the moſt diſcerning Perſon to have diſtinguiſhed, who was moſt in love, *Philander* or *Caſtilia*.

While theſe amorous Proceedings paſſed on, my Lord returned from Court, an unwelcome Gueſt, (you may reaſonably imagine) to *Caſtilia*, when, inſtead of being tranſported at the Sound of the Chariot-Wheels, as ſhe had ever before uſed to be, ſhe was now conſcious of the heavy Guilt ſhe muſt labour under. *Philander* went to meet his Lordſhip, after ſnatching eager

eager Kiſſes from *Caſtilia*, while ſhe ran to her Chamber to compoſe herſelf, that ſhe might not appear diſorder'd or ſurpriz'd; conſulting with her Glaſs, what ſort of Looks were moſt ſuitable or proper for her, in her preſent Circumſtances; and, feigning herſelf ill, ſhe went down Stairs, to welcome his Lordſhip's Return, telling him, ſhe was ſcarce able to come out of her Room; but, hearing of his Lordſhip's Arrival, it gave her new Spirits, which made her hope ſhe ſhould ſoon recover, believing it to be nothing elſe but the Effects of Spleen for his Lordſhip's Abſence.

My Lord ſoon perceived an Alteration in her Reception of him; for *Caſtilia* was very much changed in her Behaviour; whence he concluded his Machine had took effect, and that *Philander* had not been idle in the Country while he was at Court.

But whatever Thoughts my Lord had, he diſcovered none to *Philander* or *Caſtilia*, that could cauſe the leaſt Suſpicion of his being apprehenſive of

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their Intimacy, ſeeming over-fond of *Caſtilia*, more than uſual; and was extremely complaiſant to *Philander*; to all outward Appearance eſteeming him above all his Acquaintance; for the better carrying on his Deſign againſt him, and to make himſelf look the more injur'd in the Eyes of the World, when the Affair was to come to light; and to make *Philander* appear more baſe and villanous, in injuring his boſom Friend, as his Lordſhip always term'd him.

THE Time paſſing on, and my Lord conſulting with his Ghoſtly Father, who was chief Engineer in this Conſpiracy againſt poor *Caſtilia*, he told his Lordſhip, 'Twas high Time to be ſtirring in the Affair; it being a matter of great conſequence, and a weighty Concern: For *Caſtilia* being gone ſeven Months with Child, tho' he firmly believed the Child to be his Lordſhip's, yet he ſaid it would not appear ſo clear in the Eyes of the World if he defer'd it till ſhe was deliver'd: Therefore, if his Lordſhip would grant him leave, he

he would endeavour to diſcover them together. But, *reply'd my Lord*, you muſt take them in the very Act, or it will be of no Effect: *Domine anſwer'd, putting on a grave Look, ſo that his Lordſhip could not doubt his Integrity*, Am not I to give you good Advice, both Spiritual and Temporal, and does your Lordſhip imagine, I would undertake ſo weighty a Concern, without proper Evidences to aſſiſt me; no, I am ſorry your Lorſhip ſhould think ſo meanly of my Propoſal. If your Lordſhip pleaſes, I'll draw a rough Draught of what Articles you think will be abſolutely neceſſary upon the Trial, and I'll take care to learn them, before we attempt to catch them together. And when they are perfect in their Inſtructions, I'll place myſelf in the Cloſet; and when ſhe comes into *Philander*'s Room, I'll ruſh in upon them, before ſhe can make her Eſcape; ſo that your Lordſhip need not fear gaining your Point.

For my part, I can't conceive what occaſion *Mr. Domine* had to trouble his

his head about *Caſtilia*'s Virtue, only had he been apprehenſive ſhe had lived in a criminal Correſpondence with the unfortunate *Philander*; then it would have look'd well in the Eyes of th World for him to have reprov'd h and endeavour'd to reform her, in ſhewing her the Errors of ſuch living; then he would behav'd himſelf like a Chriſtian: In my Opinion *Caſtilia* did not judge right, if ſhe had, ſhe would have let Mr. *Domine* had a Waiter's Place, for, I dare ſay, he would have made an admirable Pimp, he was ſo acute in diſcovering an Amour; and I ſuppoſe he was enrag'd becauſe he was not employ'd in this myſterious Affair; if he had, 'tis poſſible he would ha made no more ſcruple to abſolve them, than he did to betray them; however, he purſu'd his Deſign; the next Morning, early, he and his Accomplices plac'd themſelves in the Cloſet, as was propos'd to my Lord, where they waited impatiently for their Prey, till about Nine, when poor, unthinking *Caſtilia* came ſoftly into *Philander*'s

der's Room, as ſhe paſs'd by to her Dreſſing-Room.

Nine was the unhappy Hour when they met,
And cloſe together on the Bed they ſat;
But liſt'ning Spies, alas! were plac'd too near,
Love fill'd their Souls, no room was left for Fear.

Lord GRAY's *Letters.*

Philander took hold of her Hand to ſalute her, when, like Vultures, *Domine*, with the other two Waiters, ruſh'd in upon them, to ſeize their Prey: They began immediately to reproach *Philander*, and treat him with ſcurrilous Language, while poor *Caſtilia* fell on her Knees, beſeeching Mercy from them who knew not what it was, offering her tender and ſnowy Breaſt, deſiring they would kindly plunge a Dagger to her Heart, and free her from the Shame and Ignominy that muſt unavoidably enſue, when this unhappy thing came to her Lord's Ears; nor would ſhe looſe the Traytor's Coat, whilſt he dragg'd her on her tender Knees along the Floor, imploring Pity; but they were deaf to all her

her Cries and Moans, that would have mov'd a ſtony Heart to bleed. Conſider, *ſaid ſhe*, the tender Infant in my Womb; it cries for Mercy, at your Feet; ſpare me for that's ſake, and let not my innocent Babe periſh, and never ſee the approach of a ſmiling Day; I find it ſtruggling, and is conſcious of its Mother's Guilt; never let me riſe from this Place without a Promiſe to preſerve my Reputation; then I'll inſtantly fly to the utmoſt Covert of the Earth, and live a Penitent to deſerve that Goodneſs: I never do deſire to ſee my much injur'd Lord, unleſs I could waſh away this Guilt with numberleſs Tears; nor can I look on one whom I have ſo groſsly wrong'd. Conſider my young, unwary Age, how many Years I may live to be a Reproach to my Family, unleſs by your generous Pity ſav'd? Conceal this, my Shame, or give me my immediate Deſert, preſent Death: If you tell my Lord, I muſt not, I cannot ſurvive after the Delivery of ſo ſad a Tale. Thus did ſhe crave and beg Mercy till they

they broke from her by Force, and left her ſpeechleſs on the Floor, telling her, they were ſent by my Lord's Commands, and to him they muſt be true. *Philander* was then ſeiz'd, and cloſe confin'd a Priſoner; whilſt *Caſtilia*'s Woman aſſiſted her to her Cloſet, where ſhe recovered her ſo far as to ſpeak; but what horror of Mind was ſhe in! breaking out into Ravings and Exclamations againſt herſelf, till my Lord ſent her Word, She muſt inſtantly prepare to go to her Father's, for the Coach was ready to convey her from whence ſhe came.

HAD the the moſt obdurate Heart beheld ſo beautiful a Creature as *Caſtilia*, and have ſeen her in the Agony of Mind ſhe was in, at her Orders for departing! How, *ſays ſhe*, can I ſee my Father after being guilty of a Crime that will bring laſting Infamy on me and my Family? How can I behold him trembling, and pale, at ſuch dreadful News, and his briny Tears flowing down his aged Cheeks in full Torrents, and his Heart burſt-

ing for me? undeſerving Wretch as I am!

I SHOULD be glad, *added ſhe*, to remove to the remoteſt Part of the habitable World, to live in perpetual Obſcurity and Oblivion; there to recount my paſt Follies with daily Tears, till I had waſh'd away all my loathſome Guilt: But to go to my Father, Woe is me! I am not worthy to go within his Gates; nor can I ſuffer theſe my guilty Eyes to behold him after ſo execrable a Deed.

So whilſt ſhe was in the midſt of her Strugglings for Life, and yet afraid to die, ſhe was hurried away to her Father's; from whence, in a little time, ſhe was carried to *London*, where ſhe fell in Labour, and died.

Philander's Trial ſoon came on, and the Jury gave my Lord ten thouſand Pounds Damages, for which *Philander* was forc'd to quit the Kingdom, and live in Obſcurity the remainder of his Days. Theſe are the Effects of unlawful Pleaſures.

I MUST

I MUST beg leave to introduce a ſhort Speech concerning *Caſtilia*'s Behaviour, when on her Death-bed, and ſince the time of her Departure from my Lord's; which I receiv'd from the Mouth of a Female Friend of hers: She acknowledg'd her Fault to be unpardonable to Man, neither did ſhe deſire to be forgiven, or ever to be taken to the Boſom of her much injur'd Lord; but if he would ſpeak as favourable of her Memory as a true Penitent deſerv'd, it was the only Boon ſhe would crave.

SHE pray'd without ceaſing, and took true Pains to make her Peace with God, hoping he would releaſe her from the Clog of the Fleſh.

SHE ſaid, She was deluded by the inſinuating Decoys, and perſuaſive Language of *Philander*, and my Lord's Inadvertence in letting them have ſuch Opportnnities of being together. She abhorr'd the Thoughts of their Correſpondence, hoping all Ladies would take Warning by her, not to give way to any Inclinations that might

draw them into unlawful Pleaſures: She long'd, and wiſh'd for the Time of her Diſſolution; for nothing but Death, *ſhe ſaid*, could eaſe a broken Heart; the only Comforter of Minds oppreſs'd; ardently deſiring, her tragick Scene might cauſe a true Impreſſion in the Hearts of all that ſhould repeat ſo melancholy a Story, and ſeem'd rejoic'd to think Death's kind Divorce was ready to ſeparate her from the Inſults ſhe was likely to meet with, if ſhe ſurviv'd; hoping God would take her, and her innocent Offſpring, that it might not live to be upbraided with its wretched Mother's Guilt. She ſeem'd to find great Conſolation to her Soul, and was wonderfully reconciled to Death; nor would ſhe ſuffer any to ſpeak of her living, for hopes of Life were very terrible to her: She long'd for Death, the only Pilot to convey her wearied Spirit to the Port of Reſt, to take her from this mortal Stage: And God, out of his wonderful Goodneſs and Mercy, was pleaſed to grant her Requeſt,

queſt, and took her and her innocent Babe together; ſo one Grave contain'd them both.

I cannot help commemorating the Memory of this beautiful, unhappy Lady; and could I have found Words to expreſs my Sentiments in a proper Tenderneſs, I ſhould have recorded her Innocency in her Virgin Beauties; how unthinkingly ſhe charm'd; how careleſly ſhe excell'd moſt of her Sex; how meek and humble was her Behaviour; what Care ſhe took to perform her Duty to God and her Parents!

And when I conſider what God has been pleaſed to ſuffer poor *Caſtilia* to undergo; the Errors ſhe plung'd herſelf into; and the Deceit and Diſſimulation, Falſities and Contrivances, Plots and Shams, that were trump'd up, and made uſe of, to deceive her innocent, unguarded Heart; to make ſuch Havock of her Reputation; to bring laſting Infamy on her Remem-

brance: I ſay, at the Thoughts of ſuch Villany, Pity, with unmix'd Softneſs, poſſeſſes all my Soul; nor can I forbear ſhedding a grateful Tear to her Memory.

Several

Several INSTANCES of

AMOURS.

LOVE is the moſt pleaſing Paſſion of all tranſitory Pleaſures, and the moſt ſublime Virtue of the Mind, if we purſue its Dictates, as 'twas originally inſtituted in human Nature, by Marriage, which was ordain'd for the Procreation of Children; and that two may be joyn'd together by the Ties of mutual Love, and ſincere Affection for each other, to ſooth the daily Perplexities and Diſappointments that interfere to diſturb our Peace and Tranquillity

quillity of Mind; and that we may have a Boſom-Friend to be a Conſolation to us amidſt Afflictions, and to be Partakers of our Burthens.

The happieſt Man that ever breath'd on Earth,
With all the Glories of Eſtate and Birth,
Had ſtill ſome anxious Cares to let him know,
No Grandeur was above the reach of Woe:
If in the Body there is but one Part
Subject to Pain, and ſenſible of Smart,
And but one Paſſion could torment the Mind,
That Part, that Paſſion, buſy Fate would find.
POMFRET.

THEREFORE it is moſt certain, nothing is ſo great a Comfort as a ſincere and faithful Friend, to whom one may relate the ſecret Receſſes of the Mind; to ask Advice, and receive a conſolatory Anſwer, is as ſatisfactory a Pleaſure as this ſhort Pilgrimage here on Earth can admit of; and would People but live like *Coridon* and *Phyllida*, they might make this Life one compleat Scene of Pleaſure: But for want of this kind Propenſity, and Byaſs of Mind, married People often take things ill of each other, as no one

one elſe would take notice of in either of them. 'Tis a very unhappy Circumſtance when each Party is always laying up Fuel for Diſſenſion, and gathering together a Magazine of Provocations, to exaſperate each other when out of Humour; which is often the Caſe. I am griev'd to reflect on a glorious Nation, which might be a Scene of publick Happineſs, and Liberty, were there not ſuch Crowds of private Tyrants, againſt whom the poor Women can find no Redreſs by any Law now in being; nor can they invent any Way of Perſecution to puniſh ill-natur'd Husbands; for take what Method they can, the Remedy is worſe than the Diſeaſe; and moſt certainly a bad Husband, or ill-natur'd Wife, are the heavieſt Afflictions that can befal any Perſon in this Life; nor can I tell how Perſons thus aggriev'd can receive Conſolation, unleſs it be by a due Conſideration, that the Calamity is pretty general; but I believe moſt People in this Age enter into Marriage without ſo much as expecting

pecting to be happy in it, only propoſing to themſelves a few Holidays in the beginning; after which the Husband is ſeldom ſlow enough in aſſuming the Authority ordain'd him, or the Wife quick enough in condeſcending to account him her Lord and Maſter; ſo that there immediately follows Feuds, Animoſities, and Contradictions, and a plain Diſcovery they were talking to one another all the time of Courting, in Masks; therefore begin to act like diſappointed People; *Damon* finds *Phyllida* ill-natur'd and impertinent, and *Phyllida* finds *Damon* inconſtant and ſurly.

But of all the unhappy Inſtances of Marriage I ever obſerv'd, never any gave me ſo great a Diſtaſte and Abhorrence to Mankind, as *Alexis*; who married the beautiful and adorable *Roſara*, who was deſcended of a noble, ancient, and illuſtrious Family; in ſhort, her Birth, Education, and Fortune, exceeds moſt Ladies in the Kingdom, and her Virtues are unparalell'd: She is poſſeſs'd of every Charm that can

can adorn her Sex. For me to attempt to deſcribe her in her natural Beauties, 'twould be as much Preſumption, as for a Limner to draw an Angel in all its Glory, and I ſhould fall as ſhort of my Endeavours; therefore muſt beg leave to recede from ſo bold an Undertaking.

I SHALL only ask the Reader, if it were poſſible for a Man to marry ſuch a deſerving Lady, bring her home, and take full Poſſeſſion of her Fortune, and after fly to the Arms of a common Strumpet, or Vagabond, and beſtow all endearing Indulgences on her, and ſupport and encourage her in all her wanton Extravagances, and forſake ſo good a Lady!

WHAT can *Alexis* think the World ſays of ſuch unheard-of Proceedings? He muſt reaſonably believe they blame his Attention to the Syren's Voice; that he ſhould give way ſo far as to let her captivate his Reaſon, to act in publick Defiance to all Reproof. No Perſon, let him be ever ſo far above the common Sphere, can exempt himſelf from

from publick Cenſure, and on ſuch unaccountable Subjects muſt ſuffer keen Reproach from the Vulgar, as well as private Sneers from thoſe of a more refin'd way of thinking.

CONSIDER *Alexis*, turn thy Eyes and ſee *Roſara*; view her Virtues; behold her ſparkling Charms; obſerve the innumerable Crowd, how they run with eager Pace, to bleſs her, as ſhe paſſeth by; you plainly read in every Face, cruel *Alexis!* to ſlight ſuch an adorable Creature; each Beholder accounting her as a bright ſhining Star, that guides to a Serenity of Happineſs. Remember, *Alexis*, how *our firſt* * *Father's Bleſſing was a Garden, and a ſingle She; but oh! the Tempter was his Curſe.*

RETURN, e'er too late, to the Arms of the much injur'd *Roſara*; conſider how patiently ſhe hath bore ſuch Slights, with unparalell'd Meekneſs of Temper; yet her ivory Arms are extended to receive her Wanderer home, and with Joy would ſhe claſp him

* Farquhar's *Inconſtant.*

him to her Breaſt, and freely forgive his paſt Follies; nor does ſhe condemn her audacious Rival, but ſoft Pity expreſſes itſelf in every Word, and a chryſtal Tear is ready to fall from her brillant Eyes, to condole her wretched and deteſted Fate, and is ſorry any Woman ſhould be deluded to ſuch an unjuſtifiable way of Life, by falſe and treacherous Man.

I COULD ſay ten thouſand things of *Roſara*, and my ambitious Soul exerts itſelf, and is burſting to extol her Praiſe; but I cannot expreſs her Deſerts, ſo ſhall forbear proceeding farther than humbly deſiring *Alexis* to return, and receive the raviſhing Endearments ſhe would ſo tenderly beſtow on him.

A ſpotleſs Maid unto thy Bed was brought,
Untouch'd in Fame, and innocent in Thought;
Her Rival has treated many a Gueſt,
And brought thee but the Leavings of a Feaſt:
Return *Alexis*, e'er it be too late
For to repent the Folly of thy Fate:
Pleaſures may tempt, but Virtue more ſhou'd move,
And learn for once to ſhun the thing you love.
OVID.

WHOEVER thinks to be happy in this World, muſt curb their ſenſual Appetites; otherwiſe they may be languiſhing for every Object of their Deſires, and never receive a Moment's Satisfaction. But whoever is the Author of breaking mutual Love, and miſleading Men's Affections from their proper Objects, muſt be conſcious to themſelves of a horrid Crime, of the deepeſt Dye.

I HAVE now done with Marriage, and ſhall introduce what may be more diverting, leſt I ſhould give the Spleen to ſome of my female Readers, whom I would by no means diſoblige.

I WAS lately talking of the deſperate Effects of Love, with a female Acquaintance of mine, who reply'd, ſhe could entertain me with a Story of a young Lady of her Acquaintance, who had lately done a very odd thing in the Affair of Love.

Says ſhe, The Lady's Name is *Clara*; ſhe is a very agreeable Lady, and has a competent Fortune, at her own Diſpoſal.

poſal. A Military Gentleman made his Addreſſes to her not long ago, and it was generally thought it would be a Match. But what private Reaſon the Lady had to do ſo deſperate an Action, I ſhall leave to the Reader to judge; for I own, I can't conceive my ſelf

She dreſs'd herſelf all in White, to intimate to the World her Innocence: but whether her Lover had diſcovered, that ſhe was not ſo innocent as ſhe pretended, that I can't ſay: But if he did, ſhe ſeem'd to dare him to the laſt, that he wrong'd her. For the Lady in this purify'd Garb, took a Chair *incog.* and went to her Lover's Lodgings; but when ſhe came there, he was not at home; his Servant immediately knew her to be the young Lady his Maſter made his Addreſſes to; the Fellow obſerving ſomething in the Lady's Looks which ſeemed to expreſs Terror. *Says ſhe*, where is your Maſter? *he anſwer'd*, he could not poſitively inform her Ladyſhip where; but he would inſtantly run, and ſee if he could not find him; Ay, *ſays ſhe*, pray

do; for I am come about Buſineſs of more Importance than you imagine; nor ſhall I be capable of telling, *added ſhe*, when you return; but you muſt ſhew me to your perjur'd Maſter's Bed, for there I think to die, and came here for that intent. The poor Fellow was amazed and aſtoniſhed, and rather hoped what ſhe ſaid might be the product of Spleen and Vapours, ſo incident to the Sex, than any real Intention. But, however, he made all poſſible Speed to find his Maſter, which by good Luck he did, at *St. James's Coffee-Houſe*, and inform'd him, what a ſtrange ſort of a Viſitant he had at home; and alſo told him the very odd Errand ſhe ſaid ſhe came upon. The Colonel was very much ſurpriz'd, knowing her to be a Woman of a vaſt Spirit, ſo did not ſtay long heſitating on the Thoughts of it, but made all poſſible haſte home; and when he came there, he found *Clara* on the Bed, in a very ſweet Sleep, as he thought at firſt Approach: But examining farther, he found he could not wake her. He

was

was preſently apprehenſive ſhe had taken *Laudanum* to a vaſt Quantity. He inſtantly ſent for Phyſicians and Apothecaries, but they ſaid there was no help for her, ſhe muſt die. He then ſent for her Friends, and when they came, they were all aſtoniſh'd what could occaſion ſo wild an Attempt.

It may reaſonably be imagin'd it was a very melancholy Scene, to ſee an aged Mother ſtand trembling and pale, looking on the only darling of her Soul, gaſping for Breath: The Lover raving, and bemoaning his Fate, not wiſhing to ſurvive her: In ſhort, ſuch Confuſion is not eaſily deſcrib'd; this continuing till about Four in the Morning; when *Clara* opening her Eyes in another World, as ſhe imagin'd, and looking round her, ſaw her Mother, and Lover, and moſt of her near Friends. She was very much ſurpriz'd how it could be, neither could ſhe be perſuaded but ſhe had been really dead, thinking it impoſſible for any Perſon to live after ſuch a Doſe of *Laudanum* as ſhe had taken: But withal, thought it

was a ſtrange ſort of a Place ſhe was gone to; finding herſelf not to be in the ſweeteſt Condition imaginable: But ſhe might impute that for a Puniſhment for thoſe that were their own Executors, for ought I know. But, alas! She was ſoon convinc'd of the Cheat; for the Apothecary that ſhe bought the *Laudanum* of, being ſuſpicious what fatal Purpoſe it might be for, took care to put ſomething in it to purge it off, which it did in a moſt violent manner. I muſt forbear farther Particulars, in regard to *Clara*'s Character; ſhe being yet a ſingle Lady.

THE HISTORY OF *DORINDA.*

DORINDA was the Daughter of a Country Gentleman, who was a Juſtice of Peace, and Member of Parliament; ſhe being his only Child, was able to give her a plentiful Fortune. He gave her a liberal Education; and ſhe being a Woman of exceeding good natural Parts in the laſting Beauties of the Mind, ſoon became a moſt accompliſh'd Lady.

I hap-

I happen'd to drop into an Acquaintance with her by lodging in the ſame Houſe; but I believe I might have lodg'd there till now, and ne'er been admitted that Favour, had it not been for the over Officiouſneſs of my Landlady, who was a very good ſort of an old Gentlewoman; and ſhe finding the Lady inclin'd to ſuch a ſolitary Life, and knowing that my Inclinations led more to ſtudy than purſuing the Gayeties of the Age, thought we ſhould be very agreeable Company for each other; and I own, dear Curioſity, ſo natural to my Sex, induc'd me much to ſatisfy myſelf with the Sight of a Perſon I had liv'd a full half Year with and I never had ſeen; nor could I find a Creature in the Houſe, except this old Gentlewoman, that ever had. The Servants watched all Opportunities, but could never accompliſh their Deſires; for while one Appartment was cleaning, ſhe always removed into another. Her Table was laid, and every thing provided, by the Direction of the old Gentlewoman, whoſe Company

pany ſhe deſir'd as oft as poſſible; and whatever was wanting, the Servants put into a Room order'd for that purpoſe. My Landlady told me ſhe knew no more who ſhe was than I did; neither could form a Conjecture. She told me, that about a Year and Half before, an old Gentlewoman, very well dreſs'd, and having a genteel Livery with her, and her own Coach, ſeemingly, came and took the Lodgings, and ſaid they were for a Niece of her's, that was to live retir'd. She paid two Guineas and half for a Week's Rent, as Earneſt; and ſaid, if her Neice came, ſhe ſhould always pay her a Month's Rent before-hand. 'Twas impoſſible to ſcruple ſuch a Lodger. I ask'd her, if the Lady had any Viſitors, *ſhe ſaid*, No: None but the old Gentlewoman, that came once a Fortnight, but always in a Hackney Chair or Coach, on purpoſe, as ſhe ſuppos'd, not to be diſcover'd. I told her, I ſhould be vaſtly oblig'd to her, if ſhe could introduce me to her; and accordingly, ſhe prodigiouſly ſolicited

the

the Lady to admit me to ſee her, but ſhe ſtill deny'd her; always making ſome Excuſes, ſaying, She was very unfit for Company, and ſuppoſing me to be ſome young, gay Perſon, deſir'd to be excus'd: But, however, with frequent Addreſs of my good Landlady, ſaying ten thouſand fine things of me that I did not deſerve, and telling her what an agreeable Companion I ſhould be for her, at length the time was appointed for my Admittance, which was to be the next Morning, being deſir'd to breakfaſt with her. I own, when my Landlady came with eager Pace to tell me the News, I had ſomething of a ſecret Damp that ſeiz'd my Spirits; nor could I form to myſelf in what manner I was to accoſt this new Acquaintance, whoſe Life was ſo very romantick; but yet I thought I would recover Spirits ſufficient to indulge my Curioſity: So, the Morrow, I and my Landlady went to *Dorinda*'s Apartment, who had a Key to let herſelf in. When we came into the firſt Room, which was the Dining-

Dining-Room, my Landlady desir'd me to sit down, whilst she went to inform *Dorinda* that I was come; which accordingly she did, but soon return'd with *Dorinda*, who approach'd me with such a graceful Air, and broke Silence so engagingly, in telling me, She was infinitely oblig'd to me for that Favour, and withal, took me by the Hand, and led me into the next Room, where we all three breakfasted, the good old Gentlewoman entertaining us the while very agreeably, and then withdrew, leaving me with fair *Dorinda*, whose Behaviour and Presence struck me with an aweful Distance; for I was throughly convinc'd it must be something very extraordinary that could occasion a Lady of her Beauty and good Sense, that I plainly discover'd she was possess'd of, to live in such an odd Manner. We were both silent for some time; I thought she seem'd very pensive, and that my Company might be troublesome to her; I consider'd it was best to drop into some trifling

Chat

Chat for half an Hour, and then leave her till a more convenient Opportunity ſhould offer, for me to diſcover ſomething of the Meaning of ſuch a romantick Scene; and accordingly I talk'd of Faſhions, and ſome Affairs I had heard at Court: I found ſhe was very attentive to any thing inclining to Love. She ask'd me a great many Particulars concerning young *Polydore* and *Lucinda*; and whether the Report was true that was ſo publickly talk'd of; that the little God of Love had privately ſtolen into *Lucinda*'s Heart, ſo that her very Breaſts ſwell'd with the Weight of its Burthen. I ſaid, I could anſwer to no Particulars on that Subject, any farther than that it was generally the Effects, where the little Tyrant fix'd his Throne, to make an Impreſſion; ſo I ſtood up to make my Compliments, and be gone, but ſhe earneſtly deſir'd I would dine with her; and farther added, unleſs I would acknowledge I was very ſtrictly engag'd, ſhe would not be denied my Company that Day; I own I did not

not give her a great deal of Trouble in asking me to ſtay with her, becauſe I was very inclinable to do myſelf the Pleaſure.

So we ſat down, and ſhe deſir'd me, if I knew any piece of News, that I would favour her with the Rehearſal of it. I conſider'd with myſelf what Subject was beſt to treat on, to further my Intentions in diſcovering who ſhe was; for I found by her Diſcourſe there were few Perſons of Diſtinction but what ſhe knew, which made me imagine ſhe was a Perſon of no ſmall Figure, if ſhe would repreſent herſelf; I preſently confirm'd in my Mind, it was ſome very melancholly Fate of hers that could induce her to live in that retir'd Way; and thinking Love to be the unhappy Cauſe, I determin'd to relate a Story that might occaſion us to drop into that Subject: So I began with the whimſical Affair of *Melinda*.

She was one of the greateſt Prudes this Age has produc'd; but was lately prevail'd on to marry an old, grave

Curmudgeon, which is extremely fit for ſuch Ladies to chuſe; and he is dotingly fond of his virtuous Wife, counting her the Mirror of her Sex. Whatever Company he is in, he is always praiſing her Ingenuity, and what a Manager ſhe is; extolling her Gravity and Piety, and how conſtantly ſhe frequents the Church, and what an Alteration ſhe has made in his Family ſince he married her; and how happy he thinks himſelf after ſtaying ſo long, and at laſt marrying ſo well: She ſeldom goes to Court, *ſaid he*; ſhe keeps no publick Nights, nor never plays, nor can ſhe bear to hear thoſe Ladies Names mention'd, that live ſuch irregular Lives.

THIS Lady, *ſaid I*, Madam, had been married about five Months, before ſhe was was ſeiz'd with a violent Fit of the Cholick; in ſhort, in ſo ſevere a manner, that nothing but immediate Death was expected by this indulgent Husband: He was very deſirous to ſend for a Doctor and Apothecary, but ſhe ſeem'd much againſt apply-

applying to ſuch epidemick Ills, as ſhe term'd them; but rather choſe a good old Woman, and eſpecially at that time no body was to be admitted but Mrs. *Midnight*; who, I preſume, was an old Acquaintance, that might uſe to give her Relief in that Diſtemper. So the Chariot was ſent with all imaginable Speed for Mrs. *Midnight*, who ſoon came to the Aſſiſtance of dying *Melinda*: As ſoon as ſhe enter'd the Room, the Husband ſubmiſſively withdrew, at the Deſire of *Melinda*, and left them together, for the old Gentlewoman to preſcribe a Remedy, who found *Melinda*'s Pains exceeding ſharp, and perceiv'd it was high time to execute her Office; it not being the firſt time ſhe had been *Melinda*'s Operator in ſuch a Way, I dare be bold to ſay: but if it was, or was not, I do not confirm either. But, however, through the Dexterity of Mother *Midnight*, and Nature aſſiſting *Melinda*, there was in few Minutes a Man-Child born, to the great Joy of *Melinda*, and her officious Aſ-

ſiſtant, who inſtantly convey'd it into a warm, flannel under-Petticoat, and put a Pill in its Mouth to make it ſleep, and went down in all Haſte imaginable, and deſir'd the Coachman to drive her Home, for ſhe had forgot a Cordial that would ſave his Miſtreſs's Life, and begg'd he would make all poſſible Speed; which accordingly he did: and when ſhe came Home, ſhe deliver'd the Charge of the young Gentleman to her Daughter, and return'd with Speed to *Melinda*, who was entirely eas'd of her Pains: She gave her ſome Cordial, and withal, deſir'd the Husband to come and comfort his weak Wife. He, poor Soul, overjoy'd at the Meſſage, came running, with his Eyes ſwell'd out of his Head, the violent Effects of his Gref, that almoſt blinded him, which at that time it was abſolutely neceſſary he ſhould. However, he was tranſported to find his dear *Puggey*'s Cholick abated, and ask'd Mother *Midnight* what could occaſion ſo violent a Fit of the Cholick? Cholick! anſwer'd Mrs.

Mrs. *Midnight*, You may down on your Knees, and return GOD thanks 'tis ſo well as it is. I have deliver'd your Lady of a falſe Conception, that ſhe has gone above four Months with; and had ſhe went four more, ſhe would not have liv'd to claſp you in her Arms again. Hearing what a narrow Eſcape his beautiful Lady had to ſave her Life, he thought himſelf under the greateſt Obligation to this ſanctified old Gentlewoman, and made her a Preſent of fifty Guineas; and told her, if ſhe brought him a live Child the next time, he would double her Fee; farther deſiring her to attend his Wife till ſhe was perfectly recover'd; which ſhe obey'd with great Diligence, omitting nothing that could contribute to her Health: and *Melinda* in about a Month's time, was pretty well recover'd; ſo that ſhe could go to Church, and return Thanks for her ſafe Delivery.

HERE I made a little Pauſe, when *Dorinda* replied, with a Bluſh, I think we are got into the Road of Slander

this Morning: But yet ſhe could not forbear enquiring who was *Melinda*'s Gallant; for, *ſaid ſhe*, I ſuppoſe the Lady's Husband knew nothing of this Affair. No, Madam, *reply'd I*, he was ſo tender of her, that he own'd he was marry'd a Week, before he knew whether ſhe was Man or Woman; this he declar'd to Mrs. *Midnight*; and ſaid, he would never touch her more, if he thought it would bring the dear Creature into ſuch a dangerous Condition: But Mother *Midnight* ſoon diſpell'd, and diſſipated his Fears, in telling him, there would be no Danger of her ever being in that Way again; and, indeed, *Melinda* has had no Child ſince; but that grows, and is a fine chopping Boy, and paſſes for a Grandchild of Mrs. *Midnight*'s: The Gallant is lately gone to travel; which is enough to inform a Lady of your Penetration, without farther Particulars.

Dorinda thank'd me for entertaining her with this Midnight Adventure, ſo we continued in ſome different Diſcourſe,

courſe, not material to mention, till Dinner-Bell rung ; which was a Bell the Servants always pull'd when every thing was ready for her to ſit down, and they withdrew.

Dorinda deſir'd I would accompany her, and ſee if I could eat ſomething of her ordinary Entertainment, which, accordingly, I did myſelf the Pleaſure, and was Partaker of a very elegant Dinner. *Dorinda* behav'd herſelf in ſo genteel a Manner, that, I own, I was ſtruck into a profound Admiration of her Perfections. and engaging Converſation, which ſet my inquiſitive Soul on fire to hear the Hiſtory of her Life.

THE Day paſs'd on, and I could improve myſelf but little in my Inquiſitions, for I found *Dorinda* very cautious in what ſhe ſpoke: She ſeem'd to intimate, the Death of a near Friend had occaſion'd great Sorrow and Conflicts in her Mind ; and that ſhe had baniſh'd herſelf from the World, becauſe the Tyrant Death had depriv'd her of all that to her was valuable in it.

I then

I then thought 'twas ſome Lover that had come by his Death in a Duel, or ſome ſuch melancholly Misfortune, that was the reaſon of this retir'd Life of *Dorinda*'s. But to fix there without endeavouring to diſcover more, I can't ſay I was contentedly eaſy; but I found it was all that I was like to know for that Time. It began to grow late, and I made my Apology for troubling her with my tedious Viſit, and withal, gave her an Invitation to come to my Apartment; which ſhe receiv'd in ſo endearing and engaging a manner, that I could have wiſh'd to have bleſs'd myſelf longer with her agreeable Company. As for coming to make you a Viſit, Madam, *purſu'd ſhe*, the firſt I ever make ſhall be to you, whoſe Company, I am confident, can give me more Pleaſure than any Female Acquaintance I ever convers'd with; but, *added ſhe*, if I do'nt come to ſee you, I hope you will not ſtand ſo much upon Ceremony, but you will do me the pleaſing Favour of coming to ſee me again, when, perhaps, I may inform

inform you my Reaſons for not making Viſits, and receiving Company; ſo we parted, but not without giving her a Promiſe of waiting on her in the Morning, which ſhe would not be denied; nor did I put her to the Expence of asking me much. That Night I paſs'd with more penſiveneſs than 'tis poſſible for me to expreſs; nor could I conceive or fathom the myſterious Meaning of *Dorinda*'s way of Life: I was throughly convinc'd ſhe was a Gentlewoman of no ſmall Rank; and her Modeſty and Virtue were very diſcernable, even at a Glance; I could plainly ſee, ſhe had no Deceit nor Diſſimulation, nor Artifice, to deceive my Judgment; but to the contrary, ſhe was eaſy, frank, polite, and facetious in her Temper; a Woman of refin'd Senſe, and as beautiful as a human Creature could be form'd. I waited on her in the Morning, according to Appointment, where ſhe receiv'd me with inexpreſſible Civilities: That Day I paſs'd moſt agreeably with her, and made an Engage-

ment

ment for the next; till, at laſt, we became exceeding intimate, ſo that I was with her both Day and Night, but could not diſcover any thing that could occaſion that voluntary Immurement of her's, till I had been with her three Weeks or a Month: She would frequently deſire me to read to her, but it was always ſomething of Divinity; and would ſeldom admit any thing elſe to be diſcours'd of: when we became ſo intimately acquainted, ſuch Converſation as we had the firſt Day, was never more introduc'd. One Day, by accident, I happen'd to take up *Ovid*'s Epiſtles, and was reading *Sappho*'s Complaint to her Lover, *Phaon*; I found ſhe was attentive to me, and bid me read out: It happen'd to be at this Place.

A thouſand tender things to mind I call,
For they who truly love, remember all;
Delighted with the Muſick of my Tongue,
Upon my Words with ſilent Joy he hung,
And ſnatching Kiſſes, ſtopp'd me as I ſung.
Kiſſes! whoſe melting Touch his Soul did move,
The Earneſt of the coming Joys of Love.

Then

Then tender Words, ſhort Sighs, and thouſand
Charms,
Of wanton Arts, endear'd me to his Arms;
Till both expiring with tumultuous Joys,
A gentle Faintneſs did our Limbs ſurprize:
Beware *Sicilian* Ladies, ah! beware,
How you receive the treacherous Wanderer:
You too will be abus'd, if you believe
The flattering Words that he ſo well can give.

Here *Dorinda* gave a Sigh, that plainly diſcover'd ſhe was mov'd to her Soul; ſhe went and laid herſelf down on her Couch, and turn'd her Face from me, and took her Cambrick Hankerchief and wip'd her Eyes. I perceiv'd a ſudden Diſorder ſeiz'd her; ſhe turn'd pale, and ready to faint; I ſeem'd to take no notice what could occaſion it, but us'd my Endeavours to revive her, which, in a ſmall ſpace, I did; we both were ſilent for ſome time after; ſhe look'd jealous, as if I had known the fatal Cauſe of her Conflict; I was ſo ſhock'd, that I did not know well what to ſay to her: At laſt ſhe took my Hand in hers, that was trembling, and hot, as though her Heart was burſting.

PRAY, *says she*, sit down, I have something to impart to you that will be of great Consolation to my perplex'd Soul, if you will first make me one solemn Promise; *I answer'd*, she might rely on my Fidelity in any thing that could give her the least Satisfaction: Why then, *said she*, I'll relate the History of my wretched Fate, if you will promise me never to discover my Name. I told her, I was sorry I had behav'd myself in that short space of Acquaintance with her, in such a manner, for her to distrust my Honour, or to think I could be guilty of so mean an Action. Why then, *said she*, conceal my Name, and publish my dismal Tale to all that will give Attention to it; I give you free Liberty, but never let the Insinuation of any Person extort that Secret from you, ever to tell who I am. With that, I made her a solemn Vow, which I hope I shall keep inviolate: Then, with conscious Eyes, and heart bursting, she express'd these Words: Was you never in Love? but at the utterance

terance ſhe turn'd pale, dejected, and anxious Care I ſaw pictur'd in her lovely Face; nor was ſhe able to conceal the Remorſe that was rending her tender and relenting Heart; nor could ſhe proceed farther, for ſilent Sighs, and deep Groans: Such ſtrange Emotions and Conflicts did ſhe ſuſtain at the Remembrance of ſo treacherous and deceitful a Creature, as caus'd her Woe, that I thought immediate Death would have releas'd her from ſuch a heavy Affliction as ſhe ſeem'd to labour under: nor could I refrain from ſympathizing with her in the ſofteſt anxiety of Humanity. To ſuch a Degree had ſhe mov'd a compaſſionate Sorrow in me, that had any Perſon beheld us in that melancholly Scene, 'twould have puzzled the wiſeſt Head to have diſcern'd who was the moſt aggriev'd; and I believe it was about the ſpace of an Hour before I was capable of ſpeaking to her, or ſhe of proceeding farther. I was a very indifferent Comforter to poor *Dorinda*; nor can I conceive, from my Soul, what could

occaſion ſuch an impreſſion in me, at *Dorinda*'s Queſtion; I am very ſure it was no Reflection on any melancholly Effects ſuch a pernicious Paſſion ever caus'd in me.

At laſt, *Dorinda* look'd fully at me, in ſuch a moving manner, that plainly diſcover'd ſhe was a true Penitent; and after floods of Tears had fallen from her brilliant Eyes, ſhe expreſs'd herſelf thus:

I am ſorry my unhappy Fate ſhould cauſe an Uneaſineſs in your tender compaſſionate, ſympathizing Nature; but if you will be attentive to my tragick Declaration, I will proceed.

I am the only Child of ——; my Father was Repreſentative in Parliament for the County of ——, where was his Country-Seat, and every Summer we reſided there for ſix Months; it was ſituated about ſix Miles from a certain Noble Lord's, whoſe Daughter I was exceeding intimate with, ſo that we were ſeldom apart, whether in Town or Country: I happen'd to be

be at my Lord's, upon a Viſit, when young *Orlando*, my Lord's Nephew, coming home from his Travels, came there to make his Compliments to the Family; and ſtay'd two Months, while his own *Chateau* was preparing for his Reception: in that time we became intimately acquainted; and for a conſiderable while he diſcover'd no Paſſion of Love, to diſtinguiſh me from any other Perſon: Tho' I had obſerv'd his Glances, and his languiſhing, bewitching Looks, that would have enſnar'd a Heart acquainted with all the Arts of Love, much more mine; unguarded, and thoughtleſs of Attacks like his: In ſhort, we communicated our Thoughts by Looks, till *Orlando* was truly aſſur'd I had conceiv'd a Paſſion for him; that my timerous Bluſhes plainly diſcover'd: when he look'd ſo eager and wiſtfully at me, 'twould make Confuſion thrill through my Heart, and I was loſt in Thought; for, I own, I lov'd and admir'd each Word and Action of the falſe Deceiver; and wiſh'd for ſome

kind Opportunity to meet *Orlando*, to ſee if he would declare any Paſſion of Love.

One Evening, as *Celia* and I were walking in the Vineyard, which was near adjoining to the Houſe, who ſhould we meet but the young Marquis *de Cary*, who was juſt going to be married to *Celia*, and *Orlando* with him, ſeeking us; the Marquis being but juſt alighted off his Horſe, from *London*, and came to ſettle the Agreement of Marriage with *Celia*. They came up to us, and the Marquis ſaluted us, which gave *Orlando* an Opportunity of doing the ſame. We walk'd a Turn or two, till I had enquir'd of the Marquis's Journey, and paſs'd a few trifling Compliments, as generally happen on ſuch Occaſions. I found the Marquis and *Celia* had ſomething to ſay to each other, that was not to be publickly expreſs'd; for they turn'd ſhott, and took another Walk, quite different from us. I would have gone in, but *Orlando* prevented me, by telling me, he had ſomething

to

to impart to me, which he could never find a convenient Opportunity to do, till that lucky Moment; and now his Fate ſeem'd to ſmile, and give Admittance to what his deſpairing Soul languiſh'd and pin'd in vain for; never expecting ſo kind a Minute. I ſeem'd ſurpriz'd and amaz'd at his way of talking, nor could I be apprehenſive of his Meaning, till at laſt we had got to the farther end of the Walk, where was an Arbour; there *Orlando* deſir'd I would ſit down, till *Celia* and the Marquis came to us: I readily conſented to his Propoſal.

As ſoon as we had plac'd ourſelves, he took my Hand in his, that was trembling, and ſeem'd afraid of offending. Madam, *ſaid he*, behold an humble Supplicant at your Feet, imploring Pity, and never till now could I have ſo auſpicious an Interval of time to declare the Sentiments of a ſincere Heart, long devoted to your Service. At his expreſſing thoſe Words, I had a ſecret Pleaſure mix'd with Pain; I hop'd the dear Deluder was

ſincere; but yet I doubted his Fidelity, and form'd Reſolution enough to attempt to leave him; telling him, with a Reprimand, I ſuppos'd he was rehearſing to me what he had deſign'd for ſome Lady of his Affections; but withal, told him, if it would be of any Service to him, I would hear him repeat a Leſſon or two; but can't inſtruct you how to lay proper Emphaſis's or Accents to your Speeches. With that he fetch'd a deep Sigh, as if his Heart was rending: I am glad, Madam, *ſaid he*, that I can divert you, though at the Expence of my Life, which is to be extinct, or continued, at your Pleaſure; you are pleas'd to turn my Diſcourſe to Ridicule and Raillery: But now, *ſaid he*, in Juſtice to myſelf, I muſt oblige you to hear me ſpeak.

FAR are from me any of thoſe foppiſh Airs, ſo frequently uſed by our Sex; nor am I one of thoſe, when admitted the Honour of a Lady's Company, that can find no other Diſcourſe than Flattery, and telling them I am dying

dying in Love for them; when, perhaps, they never care whether they ſee them more, or not. My Inclinations, Madam, *ſaid he*, don't tend to any ſuch Proceedings; I am no ſuch Courtier, I aſſure you; in this nature did he accoſt me; *and added*, he had conceiv'd a Paſſion of Love for me ever ſince the firſt Day he ſaw me; and if it was poſſible for me to like his Perſon and Fortune, he would make me Miſtreſs of it as ſoon as I pleas'd.

HERE *Dorinda* ſigh'd! The cruel Traytor was confident there could be no Objection againſt either. I have been, *ſaid he*, my charming Angel, a Coward in my Paſſion, in not declaring it before, but ſtruggling with my Fears before I durſt engage, was the Cauſe that prevented me running the great Riſque of incurring the Diſpleaſure of the fair Creature I have for ever devoted my Life, in ſtudying how to oblige: Give me but ſome Hopes that my languiſhing, drooping, deſpairing, and unworthy Heart, may,

one

one Day or other, find Redreſs and Conſolation in that ſnowy Boſom of yours; nothing ſhall be wanting that is in my Power, to purchaſe ſo great and noble a Boon; but I will exert myſelf to the fartheſt Bounds of my Capacity, both in Perſon and Eſtate, to confirm my Pretenſions honourable and ſincere, if you give me but the leaſt Hopes of being your very humble Servant, and Slave. I will, *ſaid he*, if you conſent, treat with your Father concerning Articles of Marriage, if you are willing it ſhall be publickly talk'd of; otherwiſe, I will conceal, and keep it private, juſt as my charming Creature ſhall approve; ſo ſhall I with Pleaſure obey, and to the laſt Moment of my Life, ſhall make it my greateſt Care to act, in every particular, to the Satisfaction of my fair Guide; in whoſe Repoſe, and eaſe of Mind, will all my Pleaſure be center'd; Thus he proteſted with Vows of perpetual Conſtancy, and Imprecations on himſelf,

if

if what he ſaid was not the real Sentiments of a faithful Heart.

So far had he inſinuated into my yielding, innocent, unguarded Heart, that it was not in my Power to reſiſt his Paſſion, but ſat attentively to the poiſonous Accents that ſo melodiouſly entnar'd, and prov'd my Ruin. The time paſſing on, he purſued his Addreſſes in the moſt ardent manner imaginable: And *Celia* and the Marquis were married; *Orlando* and I were at the Wedding; he waited on me with all the Reſpect that a mortal Man could. His Paſſion for me then took Wind, and was publickly talk'd of; he own'd it with all the ſeeming Pleaſure imaginable.

My Father was treated with concerning my Jointure; all Friends on each Side were exceedingly pleaſed; he made his Viſits to my Father's frequently; ſo that with many, we paſs'd for married: Moſt part of the Days and Nights we ſpent in ſuch kind Endearments; and with ſuch mutual Flames we loved each other, that our Hearts

Hearts ſeem'd united in the Bands of the ſubliméſt Paſſion that Mortals ever knew. *Orlando* ſhewed himſelf ſo engaging, ſo pleaſingly tranſported with every Word and Action of mine, as plainly diſcover'd he lov'd me to Diſtraction; ſtill urging me to be married: but I, young and thoughtleſs, ov'd Liberty, and trembled to think of being ſubject to a Husband's Humour: I wav'd his Deſires from time to time; and being ſtedfaſtly ſure of my Conqueſt, thought it very pretty to have one of the beautifulleſt young Noblemen in the Kingdom, as *Orlando* really was, dying in Love for me; as 'twas univerſally reported.

Orlando conſtantly attended me to the Park, Play, and Maſquerade; and whatever Aſſemblies I went to, he was ſure to be there, when in Town: And in the Country, we diverted ourſelves by walking in the pleaſant Meadows, and ſhady Groves, to hear the winged Choir, that ſeem'd to join in harmonious Sounds, to celebrate our intended Nuptials; all auſpiciouſly

ſmiling

ſmiling on our preconceived Pleaſures; and, had I not ſo far purſued the Paths of Folly, *added ſhe*, I might now have been happy.

At laſt, *Orlando* began to grow impatient, and was very earneſt to be married: But, one Night, O fatal, and deteſted Hour! he came to my Room, as uſual; my Attendant was always diſmiſs'd when he came; we repeated Vows of eternal Conſtancy, and he preſs'd me to know the time I would conſent to be married; we concluded it ſhould be in a Month's time: *Orlando* ſeem'd tranſported that we had come to a Determination: he kiſs'd me eagerly, and ſtopp'd me as I ſpoke. As we ſat on the Bed, he threw me down, and began to uſe Liberties I was unaquainted with, begging for Heaven's ſake, I would make no Noiſe, to bring a Scandal on us both, ſince it could be no Crime, what we did; nor could he be guilty of any baſe Action to me whilſt he liv'd; but, *ſaid he*, my dear, adorable Angel, let us now enjoy the dear Pleaſure of our tranſ-

tranſported Hearts; let's meet and diſſolve in Extaſies of unbounded Delights: make no Reſiſtance, for I am determin'd to enjoy my Love, and give Leave, and indulge the Thought, that we may taſte inexpreſſible Bliſſes, ſuch as *Adam* never enjoy'd in his moſt beautiful and admir'd Spouſe.

I STRUGGLED, but in vain was my Reſiſtance; he gain'd his curſed End, and I was ruin'd: I ſtarted from him in the utmoſt Agony that was poſſible; nor could I look at him, for Shame confounded my Reaſon: I rav'd, and ſaid I would declare his Villany. He threw himſelf at my Feet, and ſaid, he would put a Period to his Days, before my Face, unleſs I would forgive him: his Pretenſions, he ſaid, were ſincere, and if I pleaſed, he would marry me the enſuing Day: He repeated his Vows, and ſpake each Word as though his Heart was burſting; his Eyes declar'd he was ſurpriz'd and tranſported; both Love and Confuſion appear'd ſo plain in his languiſhing, piercing Looks, that I was ſpeechleſs, and knew not how

how to reprove him; ſo ardently he begg'd for Pity: till, at laſt, he flew to my guilty Arms, and deſir'd me to compoſe my Thoughts; laying his Head in my Boſom, ſaying ten thouſand tender, agreeable things: and though he had been guilty of ſo unpardonable a Crime, yet my treacherous, deceiving Fancy, pleaded in his Behalf more than ever: and though I abhorr'd the guilty Thought, yet he gain'd the Aſcendant over me ſo far, that my Reaſon was loſt, to give leave to repeat the execrable Action with Conſent.

HERE Floods of Tears ſtopp'd her Speech; nor could ſhe utter more for a conſiderable time: I was mov'd at the Heart, expecting a fatal End to this Amour. I made uſe of all the perſuaſive Arguments I could think of, for her not to be troubled at her paſt Errors, now irrecoverable; and that nothing but ſincere Repentance would avail her, in her unhappy Circumſtances. I do firmly now, as I did then, believe her to be a true Penitent.

tent. I begg'd her no longer to keep me in ſuſpence, but to proceed, and tell me what became of her Lover, and the Effects of their Paſſions: ſo ſhe rais'd her Head, and went on thus:

AFTER this unhappy Night, each Grove, each Meadow, became Witneſſes of our Guilt; for we both purſued the fartheſt Extent of a wild Paſſion; nor did I think of marrying for three Months, till I found I was with-Child. I told *Orlando* the Conſequence; *he ſaid*, He would immediately conclude with my Father, and deſir'd me to be very cautious of myſelf; nothing could be more kind, or ſeem more tranſported, than he did at the News of my being with-Child. My Father was ſomething difficult concerning the Joynture, on which *Orlando* took a Diſtaſte, and was affronted: he came to my Room, and inform'd me of the Diſpute betwixt my Father and him, and ſaid, 'twas beſt to form a Diſlike for a few Days, to bring the old Gentleman to. I was

ready

ready to conſent to any Propoſal that he thought fit; not in the leaſt diſtruſting his Sincerity; nor did I believe it was in the power of Nature to produce any thing ſo perfidious. He took his leave of me, and appointed that Day ſe'nnight for his Return, and we parted with Vows of eternal Conſtancy. As ſoon as he was gone, the Report was ſpread abroad that the Match was broke off. The next Day my Father was ſeiz'd with a violent Fever, which in two Days carried him off; and left me ſole Heireſs to the Value of ſixty thouſand Pounds in Money and Land; my Mother had died when I was young: thus was I ſurrounded with Sorrow. I ſuppos'd *Orlando* was gone to *London*, nor could he return ſooner than the time appointed: my Father's Funeral drew near, and ſo did the Day of my expected Happineſs, to ſee my Soul's delight; but juſt as the Corps of my indulgent and tender Father was putting into the ſable Herſe, a Foot-man came from a certain Lord's, about ſix

Miles diſtant, with this Letter: Pray, *ſaid ſhe*, read it, and tear but the Name from it, and let all the World view it.

MADAM,

"I SUPPOSE you are not inſenſible of the Diſpute your Father and "I had concerning your Fortune; "and the Liberties he took in telling "me I courted nothing but his Mo- "ney. In Juſtice to me, ſo much in- "jur'd in ſo ungenerous an Aſperſion, "I hope you have convinc'd him to "the contrary, in telling him how "often I would have married you, "without asking one ſingle Shilling; "for he well knows, ſix times his "whole Eſtate is not equivalent with "mine; but ſince he did not think "my Propoſals worth his Acceptance, "and deſir'd I would forbear any far- "ther Pretenſions to his Daughter; "in Obedience to his Commands, I "have ſince engag'd myſelf to marry a "Lady of my Affections, long before "I knew you; and the Ceremony is

"to

" to be perform'd to-morrow: which " is all from one that ſincerely wiſhes " you well, and is,

MADAM,

Yours, to ſerve you.

P. S. *As for any Intimacy that has been between us, I ſhall never divulge it; and if it is ever known, blame your own Inadvertency, for ill Conduct: My conſtant Wiſhes ſhall be, for your Character to be as clear as deſerv'd.*

THIS being a real Copy of ſo vile a Perſon's Letter, I think myſelf oblig'd to expoſe it; and if the conſcious Perſon ſhould chance to read it, he may plainly ſee his Villany, Simplicity, and Arrogancy. What could ſo baſe, a worthleſs Wretch, think would purſue ſo damnable and perfidious a Traytor? can any Name, or any Torture, or Death invented, be bad enough, or dark enough, for ſo deceitful a Villain? No, not even

the worſt of Deaths the Pagans uſe for thoſe that offend againſt their Gods.

When I had read this Leter, I was ſo amaz'd, and confounded, that I could ſcarce believe I was awake, but rather thought 'twas all Illuſion, and a Dream; nor could I think Nature was capable of producing ſuch a Monſter. I was dumb, and knew not what to anſwer; till, at laſt, *Dorinda* ſpoke: *ſays ſhe*, You are very penſive on my unhappy Fate: But I ſhall proceed to tell you how I came into this Houſe; only judge, *ſaid ſhe*, what a State I was in: My dear Father, for ever gone to the cold Manſions of the ſilent Grave; then all his kind Expreſſions came freſh in my Memory; his laſt dying Bleſſing, and Directions to live a good Life; all ſo plain in my Remembrance, that I thought I ſhould have gone diſtracted: Oh what Seas of Trouble did I wade through! I was four Months gone with-Child: a falſe, deceitful Creature, fled to the Arms

Arms of another Woman; nor had I a Perſon in the World that I could truſt a Secret with, of ſuch Importance as mine, but this Gentlewoman, that comes to me every Week, or Fortnight, who is my Mother's Siſter, and all the Relations I have in the World: and it was ſome time before I could break Silence to acquaint her with my unhappy Fate: but, at laſt, after ſuch Strugglings and Emotions as would have kill'd one a thouſand times over at another time, I fix'd a Reſolution to acquaint her with this Piece of ſhocking News: And one Morning I order'd my Woman to deſire my Aunt to come to my Room, which, accordingly, ſhe did. As ſoon as ſhe enter'd the Room, I lock'd it faſt, and deſir'd her to retire into my Cloſet, where I follow'd her, and immediately fell on my Knees, beſeeching her to look, in Pity, on the moſt abandon'd of her Sex! the moſt unfortunate, unhappy, miſerable Soul, that inhabited a mortal Body! My poor Aunt, whoſe Soul is full of Compaſſion,

paſſion, her Bowels earn'd on me, nor could ſhe gueſs the fatal Cauſe of my Diſorder; ſhe was ſo ſurpriz'd, that ſhe ſunk down in a Swoon: I endeavour'd to recover her, as well as poſſibly I could; and when ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe ſpoke theſe tender Words to me, which much aggravated my Misfortunes.

My dear and tender Child, in whom I have plac'd all hopes of Comfort! what can occaſion this Paſſion of Sorrow you labour under? If it proceeds from the great Loſs of your dear and indulgent Parent, I beg you would compoſe your Mind, ſince 'tis the Will of unerring Wiſdom to releaſe him from this earthly Tabernacle, and take him to an unchangeable State of everlaſting Felicity; where he is free from all thoſe Troubles and Perplexities which continually attend them who are on this mortal Stage; nor ſhould we repine at what God has been pleas'd to allow and decree, but endeavour to purſue the Example of your

pious

pious Parents, that we may one Day meet in Glory: Here I ſtopp'd her with loud crying, and Showers of Tears ran from my Eyes; my Soul melted within me; the Racks of Nature ſhook every Limb: I wiſh'd to expire, and not live to declare what an unpardonable Crime I had been guilty of: Her Goodneſs gave me a plainer Idea what a deteſtable, deplorable, deſpicable Wretch I was! In her I could behold Virtue and Piety in the ſtricteſt Senſe; in myſelf, a Creature fled from all the ſage Precepts and Admonitions that had been endeavour'd to be inſtill'd into my thoughtleſs, wandring, and unthinking Heart: In ſhort, I ſo abhorr'd the Thoughts of my wicked ſelf, that I wiſh'd for ſome pitying Power to annihilate me; that my Remembrance might be entirely blotted out; that it might not be ſaid the Earth ever bore ſo deteſtable a Monſter! How could I expreſs that diſmal Sentence, *I am with-child!* without my Soul ſeparating from my Body? How could I

turn

turn my guilty Eyes on one that had shew'd me such a virtuous Example, to tell her what would pierce her like a Poniard, to the inmost of her Heart! only consider to yourself what a State I was in? I, that had all the Prospects of being as happy as this World could admit of; descended from an ancient Extraction; in full Possession of a plentiful Fortune; caress'd by all my Acquaintance: but then I reflected to myself, that I had forfeited all, and the time was drawing near when I should be a publick Ridicule. Oh what would I not have given to have been as innocent as I was before I had done that abhorr'd Action. I hesitated a considerable time before I could come to a Resolution to inform my Aunt; but had a mind to attribute all my Disorder to the Death of my Father; and as soon as my Aunt had left me, to have taken my Penknife, and given the purple Torrent full Passage out of my guilty Veins; but, Thanks to God! my Preserver from so untimely, ignominious, and shameful an End! A few

serious

ſerious Reflections on the Hazard my immortal Soul would run, and the Thoughts of launching into the boundleſs Ocean of Eternity: the due Conſideration of ſo weighty a Concern, deterr'd, and preſerv'd me from impendent Ruin and Deſtruction. At laſt, I ſeem'd to find Comfort to my perplex'd and frighted Soul, and took Courage to relate the diſmal and unhappy Tale to my trembling and indulgent Aunt; who bore the Rehearſal of ſuch ſhocking News with uncommon Steddineſs: At firſt ſhe ſhudder'd at the Sound, but ſoon recoing Spirits, ſhe reprov'd me in ſo eaſy and pious a manner, that I was more aſtoniſh'd at her Goodneſs, than ever I had been in my Life.

FAR was ſhe from breaking out into Railings, or Exclamations againſt me: but, to the contrary, ſhe look'd upon me with the Eyes of a tender Parent, whoſe relenting Heart was burſting for a wicked, abandon'd Child.

I TOLD her how far I was gone with-Child, and that I was determin'd

to

to quit the World: for by that time *Orlando* was married, and gone to *London* with his new made Spouſe, and a very ſplendid Equipage: ſo the Diſcourſe of us was quite dropp'd. I propos'd to my Aunt, to ſell every thing unleſs 'twas a Chariot and Pair; and diſcharge all my Servants, except 'twere an old Steward, and Houſe-keeper, and immediately put my Aunt in Poſſeſſion of all, and go to *London*, and remain in ſome unknown Corner, in Obſcurity, and die a Penitent.

In vain ſhe try'd to diſſuade me from my fix'd Reſolution; ſo that when ſhe found my Mind inflexible, ſhe further'd my Purpoſe: My Will was made, and I gave all to my dear Aunt; and after her Deceaſe, to charitable Uſes: My Servants were all diſcharg'd; every thing ſettled in the Country; for I had receiv'd no Company after the Death of my Father, which gave me as good an Opportunity to ſlip out of the World, and not be minded, as any Perſon could wiſh.

My

My good Aunt and I came to *London*, took private Lodgings, and ſoon after found out a Place ſuitable for me to lie-in at, to which I was convey'd in a Hackney-Chair, where I was aſſiduoſly taken Care of: My melancholly Hour drew near, and, at laſt, I fell in Labour, and was deliver'd of a dead Boy. When my Month was up, my Aunt us'd all poſſible Means to perſuade me to reſume my former Figure; for we were both very confident it was never miſtruſted I had been with-Child; and my Retirement was wholly imputed to the Death of my Father, and *Orlando*'s Marriage; ſo that I paſs'd for one that was Lunatick, and do, to this Hour. I deſir'd my Aunt to take Lodgings in ſuch a Houſe where I might have every thing provided, without ſeeing any body: and accordingly ſhe came here, and here have I been ever ſince; but my Aunt daily ſollicits me to go to my own Houſe in the Country, which Requeſt, as yet, I cannot gratify. Thus,

Madam, have I given you a full Account of my Life.

THIS being a true Narrative of a young Lady's Life, from her own Mouth, I don't think it amiſs to let young Ladies ſee what wretched, unhappy, miſerable, and dreadful Errors they may plunge themſelves into, if they are not very cautious how they give way to the enſnaring, treacherous, and deceitful Tongues of Men. Men! I don't know what to call ſuch Creatures, that aſſume that Shape, in this Age; for they are diveſted of every Grace, and nothing but ſenſual Appetites inhabit within that deteſted Lump of Iniquity! O would but Man ſeriouſly conſider with himſelf what a Pitch of Wickedneſs he is now arrived to, and what a noble State he has forfeited, through his Pride and Arrogancy, in trying unlawful Means to make himſelf wiſe, and equal with his Maker in Knowledge: He could not be contented in being created Lord of this earthly Globe, and ſeated ſole Mo-

Monarch; all Animals were made ſubject to him; but, Devil-like, forfeited ſuch a ſovereign Power, through his Pride, in longing after what was deny'd him to taſte.

One would think a cool Reflection on ſuch a Change, ſhould make them repent, and bemoan their wretched Fate; but, inſtead of their reclaiming, every Age produces worſe and worſe; and ſuch a thing as a faithful Conſcience never reaches their Souls: 'tis fit their Sex ſhould be annihilated, or their Names chang'd; for the whole Race is nothing but a Complication of Arrogancy, Knavery, and Avarice, and their Thoughts bent on nothing but ſatiating their brutiſh, luſtful Paſſions, and indulging themſelves in every invented, vicious Thought; accounting them noble Actions of Gallantry; as *Orlando* does, without diſpute, think his was a juſtifiable Piece of Knight-Errantry.

But of a bad Chance, *Dorinda* has, undoubtedly, much the Advantage, in not being confin'd to him;

for then, perhaps, ſhe might as far have been loſt in the Follies of the Age, as his preſent beautiful Spouſe is: ſhe being entirely bigotted to Cards and Dice; and every Game, I believe, that a Woman may ſafely play at, ſhe conſtantly purſues, and rolls home about Four each Morning.

THEY ſeem to agree very much in their way of thinking; he rambles half the Town over with a Company of Bravadoes, each Night indulging himſelf in all the Luxury in Nature, and is become as great a Libertine as poſſible: None but ſome of his own Sort attend his Leveé; a Set of vile, debauch'd Rake-hells, who drink, and praiſe his good Champaign, till they are dead drunk, and ſleep, and wallow in their Naſtineſs; then awake, and reel out of Doors, and abuſe the Night-Magiſtrates as they go home: This is a juſt Deſcription of their way of Life.

BUT *Dorinda* is now retir'd to her own Seat, with a juſt, and lively Senſe of the Wickedneſs of the World; and lives

lives a pious Life, and gives a good Example to the reſt of her Sex, hoping they will all take Care of this ſort of Knight-Errantry; who, quite contrary to thoſe in Romance, are perpetually ſeeking Adventures to bring Virgins into Diſtreſs, and ruin Innocency. When Men of Rank and Figure paſs their Lives in thoſe criminal Purſuits, and Practices, they ought to conſider, that they render themſelves more vile, and deſpicable, than any innocent Man can be, whatſoever low Station his Fortune or Birth has plac'd him in.

TITLES and Anceſtry render a good Man more illuſtrious, but an ill one, more contemptible. I have often wonder'd thoſe Deflowrers of Innocency, tho' dead to all the Sentiments of Virtue, and Honour, are not reſtrain'd by Compaſſion, and Humanity; to bring Sorrow, Confuſion, and Infamy into a Family; to wound the Heart of a tender Parent, and ſtain the Life of a poor, deluded, young Woman, with Diſhonour, that can ne-

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ver be wip'd off, are Circumſtances, one would think, ſufficient to check the moſt violent Paſſion, in a Heart that has the leaſt Tincture of Pity, and good Nature: Would any purchaſe the Gratification of a Moment at ſo dear a rate, and entail a laſting Miſery on others, for a tranſient Satisfaction to himſelf! nay, for a Satisfaction that is ſure, at ſome time or other, to be follow'd with Remorſe.

I AM griev'd to ſay, I have juſt Reaſon to think this Kingdom is, at preſent, arriv'd to the greateſt Pitch of Atheiſm that is poſſible for any Age to produce: Religion is become a mere Ridicule, and eſteem'd only as a Bugbear, to keep the Vulgar in Awe; nor is there any thing admir'd, or applauded, but the greateſt Folly, Simplicity, or Debauchery, that the vileſt Wretch as is abandon'd from every good Action, or Thought, is capable to perform: 'Tis a ſevere Reflection to ſay there is more Juſtice, Morality, Sincerity and Truth, among *Turks*, Infidels, and Heathens, than in this profeſs'd Chriſtian

Chriſtan Kingdom, where we have that great Bleſſing, the Light of the Goſpel, ſo bountifully beſtow'd upon us; and the Advantage of Education in the moſt refined Nature. In ſuch a Kingdom, it is very aſtoniſhing that there is no more Regard to a future State, or Belief of a ſupreme Being; but it is too apparent, not one third Part of this preſent Age have any Notion of ever being call'd to Account for their Actions committed here; if they had, they certainly could not be ſo infatuated to ſenſual Pleaſures, and run the Riſque of their immortal Soul's Diſquiet, as they daily do, and glory in their Shame.

If my Reader ſhould happen to be one of the nobleſt Creatures in this ſublunary World, as they are pleas'd to ſtile themſelves; he may think, perhaps, I am ſatyrical on their Sex, and would have me confin'd to a Kitchen and a Diſtaff, as the moſt proper Employment for me: But, that they may not run away with ſuch a Notion, I don't pretend to vindicate my own from

from any Failings incident to human Nature; nor did I put Pen to Paper with an Intent to ſlander any one; but my Deſign in writing this, was, if I could lay a Reſtraint on ſuch horrid Proceedings, I ſhould rejoice at my Undertaking; nor have I declar'd any thing but Truth.

THE

THE Fair *ISABELLA.*

How happy is the harmleſs Country Maid,
Who, rich by Nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous Aid:
Whoſe modeſt Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
But, like her Soul, preſerves the native White:
Whoſe little Store her well-taught Mind does pleaſe,
Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Eaſe;
No Care, but Love, can diſcompoſe her Breaſt;
Love, of all Cares, the ſweeteſt, and the beſt.

Earl of Roscomon.

FAIR *Iſabella* was the only Child of an humble Cottager, who had acquir'd a plentiful Fortune by his Care and Induſtry: So that he did not bring *Iſabella* up to the moſt laborious Part

Part of rural Exerciſe; but gave her a genteel Education, for People in ſuch a Station of Life; inſtilling into her Thoughts a juſt Notion of virtuous and honeſt Principles; by which Rule he gain'd his Eſtate,

ISABELLA ſoon became the Admiration of every Swain, and Envy of each neighbouring Nymph; whilſt ſhe unaffectedly, unthinkingly, charm'd her enamour'd Beholders, and ſeem'd unacquainted with ſuch raviſhing Beauties as was in that lovely Form of hers: She had a noble, generous Soul, fix'd in a moſt agreeable Body, that every Word ſhe ſpoke, added freſh Charms to her beauteous Perſon. She had moſt inimitable Senſe, mix'd with every Turn of pleaſant, modeſt Humour, that could render the moſt polite Lady agreeable in Converſation, never wanting ſomething pertinent and facetious to ſay. She kept no Company but among the politeſt ſhe could find in the neighbouring Villages; that there were but few but what envied her way of Life, thinking ſhe was too much

much indulg'd in Finery; but, alas! her Apparel was as plain as theirs; ſhe only made an Addition to it by her genteel manner of dreſſing, and her majeſtick Mien; for whatever Garb ſhe wore, the Air and Glance of her careleſs, and natural Swing in moving her Body, would have ſurpaſs'd any of her Acquaintance, or moſt of her Sex in Beauty.

She was tall in Stature, with an exceeding fine Shape; her Eyes were blue, adorn'd with two triumphal Arches on her Forehead, ſo, as no Pencil could have drawn them truer; they ſeem'd like moving Brilliants darting Rays of Love; with ſuch a modeſt, regardleſs, innocent Look, that 'twas impoſſible to behold her, without admiring ſuch an Object; and if ſhe ſpoke, ſhe diſcover'd Charms in her, ſufficient to excite a Paſſion of Pleaſure in thoſe who ſeem to be paſt it, much more the young and vigorous; her Lips, no Rubies were ever redder, and when they mov'd, ſuch a Set of ivory Teeth appear'd, as I am not capable

pable to deſcribe; and when ſhe ſmil'd, a Harmony of Features join'd their Forces, to captivate the Heart of each deſpairing Lover.

A CERTAIN young Knight, by chance, happen'd to call at a Tenant's of his, that was a Neighbour of fair *Iſabella*, where ſhe and her female Acquaintance were together, innocently diverting themſelves with their harmleſs Chit-chat: He came into the Houſe, with the old Farmer, unexpectedly to the modeſt, bluſhing fair Ones, who were ſurpriz'd at the Preſence of ſuch a Gueſt. *Iſabella* had too much Senſe to diſcover a Surprize, but behav'd herſelf in ſuch an agreeable manner, that SYLVIAN, which was the Chevalier's Name, was ſtruck with Admiration who this Beauty could be. *Sylvian* was a Knight-Errant, that never miſs'd an Opportunity of complimenting the fair Sex, and very engaging Accents hung on his ſoft, ſmooth Tongue: His Perſon was very agreeable, but ſomewhat effeminate,

feminate, without the leaſt of the modern Prigg.

He was ſincere, generous, affable, and obliging, compaſſionate, and ſympathizing to his Friend; he was no Votary to *Venus*; he deſpis'd debauch'd Gallantry, and had too noble a Temper to ruin an innocent, unguarded Heart: He beheld *Iſabella* with Wonder, and admir'd her Beauty, without any Thoughts of decoying, or enſnaring her Virtue; he entertain'd himſelf agreeably with ſome jocoſe Diſcourſe, and was tranſported at the ſharp Repartees of *Iſabella*; nor could he imagine who ſhe was, for he believ'd her to be ſome Perſon of Diſtinction, by her Air and Mien, and polite Converſation; ſo far, that the little, blind Trifler prompted *Sylvian*'s Curioſity to call the Farmer on one ſide, to enquire who *Iſabella* was.

The old Cottager ſneeringly told him, ſhe was ſuch a one's Daughter, near adjoining; *and added*, he ſuppos'd his Honour had a mind to be doing; for, *ſaid he*, ſhe is a pretty Tit, and

all the young Sparks hereabouts are eager after her; but ſhe's a proud Gipſy, and none, forſooth, will go down: but I can't tell what your Honour may do towards cracking a Commandment, if you ſhould attack her.

Sylvian laugh'd at the Famer's Simplicity, and told him, She was a pretty Girl; but aſſur'd him, he had no Thoughts of doing ſo vile a thing; nor could he part with the Farmer without another Sight of the harmleſs, engaging Pratlers. But when *Sylvian* and the Farmer return'd, *Iſabella* was gone home, and her Companion with her, to the great Mortification of ſighing *Sylvian*, who by that time was become a true Vaſſal to the God of Love: for, when he perceiv'd ſhe was gone, he found ſomething ſeize him: he wiſh'd himſelf a Shepherd, or any thing that might give him an Opportunity to purſue the rural Pair; to have ſat beneath an Oak, and talk of the Progreſs of the Day; how many Ews had yean'd,

and

and how many Cows had calv'd; to have ſtolen a balmy Kiſs from thoſe Lips that were unſullied with wanton Arts: Thus heſitating with himſelf, he parted from the old Farmer, with his Thoughts wholly intent how he might come to a private Conference with *Iſabella*, without the Knowledge of the cenſorious World; for he dreaded every thing that might bring a Blemiſh on her Character.

He rode home with a Heart full of all Love's ſofteſt Wiſhes; reflecting on himſelf for being Great, as debarring him the Liberty of making his Addreſſes to the only Object, he was ſure, that could ever move his Heart to the ſweet Paſſion of undiſſembled Love. The more he try'd to eraſe the beautiful Idea of the charming *Iſabella* from his Mind, the deeper it rooted itſelf into his young, tender, and melting Heart: He ſigh'd in vain; nothing could divert his Thoughts from ſo deſerving an Object; and determin'd he was to ſee her on the Morrow; his Seat being but about a Mile

diſtant from *Iſabella*'s Father's Houſe: But how to accompliſh his End, he could not conceive, nor what Method to take to come, as by Accident, to *Iſabella*.

ALL that Night he paſs'd in great Penſiveneſs, and Perplexity; but as ſoon as *Phœbus*, from the *Eaſt*, adorn'd the flowry Plain, and by his radiant Beams had contracted the pearly Drops from the bladed Graſs, to return them to the watry Element; he took his Gun, and Dog, and went towards *Iſabella*'s; croſſing the Fields and Meadows where *Hilario*'s Flocks fed, (which is the Name that I ſhall give *Iſabella*'s Father) in hopes that he ſhould ſee his beautiful Daughter, who generally inſpected, that nothing was omitted, or neglected by his Servants: And as *Sylvian* hop'd and wiſh'd, ſo it prov'd.

JUST as he came to the end of a little Covert of Trees, where the Cattle ſhelter'd themſelves from the Sun, looking through the Shade, he eſpy'd *Iſabella*, and caſting his Eyes around,

to

to ſee if no buſy Spy could perceive him advance towards the enchanting Fair; then approaching towards *Iſabella*, who was ſurpriz'd at the Sight of him, ſo that ten thouſand modeſt Bluſhes fill'd her Cheeks, that gave new Charms, if it were poſſible to make an Addition to any thing ſo perfect.

Sylvian accoſted her in a genteel manner, enquiring of her Health, returning her Thanks for her agreeable Converſation the Day before. With ſuch Diſcourſe he entertain'd her, till he found an Opportunity to reveal his ſecret Wiſhes, and begg'd Permiſſion to ſeal the Truth on her roſy Lips.

Iſabella was ſtruck with Admiration at *Sylvian*'s Speeches; but thinking it natural to Mankind, to flatter, and tell Love-Tales, ſhe gave him the hearing, without much reproving him; but modeſtly telling him, She was not ſo void of Senſe to believe he was really in Love with her; though it was very legible in *Sylvian*'s Eyes, the ſecret Deſires of his enamour'd

Heart; he ſigh'd, and ſnatching eager Kiſſes from her ſnowy Hand, was incapable of uttering the Ardency of his undiſſembled Paſſion: he vow'd, and invok'd the Gods to witneſs his Sincerity.

CLEAR was his Heart from Deceit or Diſſimulation; but the pure Flame, chaſte Love, had took full Poſſeſſion of his youthful Breaſt; no Turtle Dove could be more tender of its billing-Mate, than *Sylvian* was of *Iſabella*; and in proceſs of time their Paſſions became mutual. *Sylvian*, from that time, never omitted an Opportunity of ſeeing *Iſabella*, in whom all his Joys center'd: The ſincere Regard he had for her, made him cautious how to contrive to meet in private; for it was not in *Sylvian*'s Power immediately to marry her; and had it been known, the ſlanderous World might have imputed their juſt Paſſions to a criminal Correſpondence.

BUT the reaſon that *Sylvian* durſt not marry *Iſabella* as yet, was, he had an ambitious Mother, whom I ſhall

ſhall call *Elinor*; a Woman poſſeſs'd with as haughty, imperious, and malicious a Diſpoſition, as a human Creature could admit of, which made him dread the Conſequence; but yet to live without *Iſabella*, was not in his Power: he enjoy'd no Pleaſure in any thing, becauſe his intended beautiful Conſort could not participate in it: for, if he had been as great a Monarch as *Alexander* the Great, with all his noble Atchievements of War, none could have deſerv'd the Honour of being his Bride, preferably to his virtuous, beautiful, and inviting *Iſabella*; for he ador'd her: nor was the fair *Iſabella* in the leaſt ingrateful in return of Love to her dear *Sylvian*, whom ſhe admir'd beyond Thought.

EACH Evening they contriv'd to meet in ſome adjacent Grove or Meadow, where none might ſee their harmleſs Aſſignation; nor did either of them truſt a Confident with the Secret; for they would not put it in the Power of any Creature to betray, or interrupt the Pleaſure they enjoy'd

in

in the Company of each other. For above the ſpace of two Years this innocent Society paſs'd unmiſtruſted, or ſuſpected; and there being but half a Year before *Sylvian* would be of Age, he then deſign'd to marry *Iſabella*, in defiance of all that ſhould oppoſe it.

But as Fate often afflicts the Good, and diſappoints their premeditated Pleaſures, ſo ſome unlucky Star reign'd to cauſe a moſt tragical Scene of Vileneſs, to endeavour to ruin the chaſte *Iſabella*.

Elinor had obſerv'd her Son to be miſſing almoſt every Evening, and no body could inform her where he was, or whither he went; ſhe, at laſt, began to be ſuſpicious of his having ſome Amour, and determin'd, if it was poſſible, to find it out: She had a favourite Footman, whom ſhe employ'd to diſcover this Affair; who, the next Night, according to the Directions of his Lady, watch'd *Sylvian* to the uſual Place of their Appointment, where he ſaw him take *Iſabella* in his Arms, tenderly embracing her, with exchanging

changing Kiſſes; ſuch tranſporting Pleaſures ſeem'd to dart from each of them, that it was impoſſible to gueſs which was in the greateſt Extaſy, *Iſabella*, or *Sylvian*. The Ruffian plac'd himſelf near, to hear all that paſs'd between them, when, to his great Surprize, he found *Sylvian* courted her for Marriage; for he expected when they firſt met, to have found out ſome other ſort of Converſation, and not to have heard the innocent Chat of thoſe that lov'd in the ſublimeſt Nature. Thus he liſten'd till the time of their parting grew near, when they made the next Evening's Appoinment, little imagining that ſo baſe a Wretch lay in Ambuſh to over-hear them; parting, with tender Kiſſes, wiſhing for the happy Hour of their Conſummation in the ſacred Ties of matrimonial Bonds.

The Ruffian that lay in Ambuſh, inform'd himſelf enough to acquaint his barbarous Lady of the premeditated Pleaſure between this harmleſs Pair; and ran with eager Pace to unburthen

burthen his loaded, treacherous Heart; and diſcover'd to *Elinor* what paſs'd between *Sylvian* and *Iſabella*; which ſwell'd her Soul with Rage: Death, Hell, and Confuſion, ſeem'd all in Conjunction which ſhould rack her ambitious Spirit moſt: Peace, from that Moment, left her Mind; no Tranquillity, nor Serenity, could ſhe participate of; but Pride, Avarice, and Contempt, with all the Vices incident to human Nature, join'd to prompt her on to be guilty of the moſt unpardonable Crime. What! *ſaid ſhe to her Man, with an Air of Haughtineſs*, will he marry the beggarly Gipſy! mean-ſpirited Villain! what's thy Soul made of? Sure thou art neither the Progeny of *Sicanius*, nor me! but ſome Elf's Brat, in exchange; whilſt my noble Offspring reigns Monarch in ſome Fairy Court: Never ſhall I look on him as my Son any more! Thus ſhe rav'd like one diſtracted.

A SUDDEN Horror of Mind ſeiz'd her; her Eyes ſunk, and a gloomy Caſt overſpread her Face; Deſpair and

and Anguiſh apparently diſcover'd itſelf in her horrible Viſage. The Spy had inform'd her of every Particular, ſo that ſhe was thoroughly ſatisfy'd of their intended Nuptials, unleſs ſhe could contrive ſome ſpeedy Remedy to avert it: She offer'd a large Sum to this vile Ruffian, if he would undertake to raviſh or murder her, ſhe car'd not which; and if he was apprehended, ſhe promis'd to bring him off, coſt what it would, and gave him a Purſe of Gold, as an Earneſt of the ſame; ſealing it with Vows of Secrecy.

This poor, ignorant Wretch, at the ſight of the Gold, and by the Inſtigation of the large Promiſes that *Elinor* made him, undertook the terrible Task; and the enſuing Night was agreed on to execute this unparalell'd Scene of Barbarity.

In the mean time, *Elinor* conceal'd her Intentions from her Son *Sylvian*, not ſeeming, in the leaſt diſorder'd, but quite the reverſe; and contriv'd a Ball, to hinder *Sylvian*, if poſſible, from his Aſſignation with *Iſabella*.

Syl-

Sylvian was engag'd by artful *Elinor*'s Perſuaſians, to be at the Ball.

THE Hour drew near, that *Sylvian* and *Iſabella* were to meet; the Ruffian was diſguis'd, and ſent away by baſe *Elinor*, to the appointed Place; and concealed himſelf behind a Tree, till *Iſabella* came, where ſhe ſat down, and platted Ruſhes, to amuſe herſelf; and ſighing, wiſh'd for her belov'd Object; when he, like a Wolf ſeizing his Prey, ruſh'd, and caught the trembling, ſurpriz'd Fair, in his rude, monſtrous Arms, and brutiſhly began to uſe thoſe tender, alabaſter Limbs in a moſt inhuman manner: the firſt thing he did, he knotted his Handkerchief, and forc'd it into her Mouth, to prevent her making a Noiſe; then he ty'd her Arms over her Head, while, in vain, ſhe ſtrove to reſiſt the Strength of ſo maſculine a Villain; then he endeavour'd to execute his brutiſh Intent: but chaſte *Diana*, Guardian of the Virtuous, would not ſuffer ſuch an execrable Deed to be done where ſhe preſided; and diveſted him of all Power:

Power: This enrag'd him to ſuch a degree, that, ſince he could not perform one of his Miſtreſs's Commands, he was reſolv'd to do the other: accordingly, he took a Penknife, to let a purple Torrent out of her azure Veins.

Sylvian, tho' his Mother had engag'd him to be at the Ball, yet could not be eaſy with himſelf, that *Iſabella* ſhould wait for him in vain; ſo ſlipp'd away from the Ball, to meet his beloved Object, and inform her of that Night's Engagement; and being directed by Sympathy, ſoon arriv'd at the Place; where he beheld the moſt ſhocking Sight: He cried aloud to the Ruffian to deſiſt; the Blood-thirſty Villain heard the Voice, and knew it to be *Sylvian*'s, and giving *Iſabella* a Stab in the Right Side, he fled, before *Sylvian* could come to her Reſcue; who running, with Speed, took *Iſabella*, who was then ſpeechleſs, in his Arms, the Blood guſhing out at her Mouth and Side; ſo that with the vaſt Effuſion of Blood,

Sylvian expected ſhe would immediately expire in his Arms: he call'd aloud, but none could hear, to come to his Aſſiſtance. The Ruffian had ſo diſguis'd himſelf, that *Sylvian* had no Apprehenſion who he was: *Iſabella* fainted, and ſeem'd to draw her laſt Breath; and cold, convulſive Pangs of Death ſeem'd to diſunite her Soul and Body: but, at length, ſhe recover'd herſelf ſo far, as to ſpeak; and, ſuppoſing ſhe had ſtill been in the Ruffian's Hands, earneſtly begg'd for Life, while *Sylvian* endeavour'd to compoſe her, and make her ſenſible ſhe was in his Arms, tenderly wiping the Blood from her ſoft Cheeks, till ſhe had recover'd her Surprize ſo far as to know her dear *Sylvian*, and ſtrove to walk, leaning on his Shoulder; but growing again faint, he took her up, and carried her to *Hilario*'s Houſe, where, immediately, all neceſſary Care was taken of her; Phyſicians and Chirurgeons being ſent for, to dreſs her Wounds, and do whatever elſe was proper on that diſmal Occaſion.

Hil-

Hilario rav'd, and was diſtracted, to ſee his only Child in ſuch a melancholly Condition. *Sylvian* related to him in what Manner he ſurpriz'd the baſe Ruffian, before he had finiſh'd his nefarious Deſigns, Rape, or Murder; and then diſcover'd his Intent of making *Iſabella* his Lady; declaring the Sincerity of his Paſſion, and deſir'd *Hilario* to compoſe himſelf; for, if it was poſſible, he would find out the Author of this Scene of Barbarity.

He began to ſuſpect his Mother had a hand in it; and as ſoon as *Iſabella* had been taken all imaginable care of, he return'd home, with a Heart burſting with Grief, where he found his vile Mother exceeding joyful at the News of poor *Iſabella*'s Fate: for the Fellow poſitively affirm'd, that he had murder'd, and left her dead in the Field.

That Night paſs'd without the leaſt Diſcovery on either Side; *Sylvian* feigning himſelf ill, withdrew to his Chamber, to court a ſoft Repoſe; but

in vain did he endeavour to compoſe himſelf; his Mind was too much oppreſs'd with Grief to find Conſolation on a loneſome Pillow; ſo that in a reſtleſs Uneaſineſs he paſs'd the Night. As ſoon as the morning Light appear'd, he haſted away to *Iſabella*, whom he found juſt compos'd to Sleep; and enquiring of the Doctors how it fared with the fair *Iſabella*? and being apprehenſive of a fatal Anſwer, was told by the Doctors, to his exceeding great Joy, that the Wounds were not mortal: he was ſo tranſported with the News, that he made a publick Declaration of his Intention of making her his Lady.

SUCH an open Proteſtation, it may be imagin'd, ſoon ſpread itſelf. with the tragical Scene of *Iſabella*'s Uſage, which alarm'd all the Country round about; nor could any one imagine who the Villain could be. Among the various Surmiſes upon this unfortunate Accident, there was not wanting ſome that believ'd it might be *Sylvian* himſelf, and ſaid ſeveral defamatory things

things of him, which proceeded from their Ignorance of his Paſſion for her: In fine, ſome of them were ſo officious, as almoſt to perſuade *Hilario* into the ſame Opinion, had not his beautiful Daughter ſoon convinc'd him to the contrary, by relating to him their frequent Meetings, and Date of their Acquaintance.

Sylvian offer'd a large Reward to any Perſon that would diſcover who it was that had uſed *Iſabella* in ſo inhuman a manner, but could get no Information. It ſoon came to diſappointed *Elinor*'s Ears, that *Iſabella* was like to live, which ſo enrag'd her at the Fellow, that he had not executed her Orders, that the whole helliſh Contrivance had like to have been diſcover'd: Guilt having that Effect on *Elinor*, that ſhe was incapable of talking to *Sylvian* about it,

Sylvian, after the Diſcovery of his Intentions to *Hilario*, kept it no longer a Secret from the World, but began to make Preparations for the Reception of his beautiful *Iſabella*; nor

did any one ſo much as attempt to diſſuade him from his Purpoſe; he never omitted an Opportunity of ſeeing her till ſhe was perfectly recover'd; by which time he was of Age, and in full Poſſeſſion of his Eſtate.

Elinor being truly acquainted with his Intention of making *Iſabella* his Lady, ſwell'd with Rage, remov'd from her Son's, to a Seat of her own: The time drew ſo near, that the next Day was aſſign'd for the ſolemnizing the Nuptials of *Sylvian* and *Iſabella:* but *Elinor*, with Pride, Guilt, and ambitious Thoughts, took care to put a Stop to it for a ſhort time, by putting a Period to her Life that Night: for, the ſame Miſchief ſhe intended *Iſabella*, ſhe committed on herſelf, by cutting her Throat from Ear to Ear; and was found dead in the Morning by her Woman, to the great Surprize of all the Family, and not many (as might be expected on ſuch an Occaſion) were very ſorrowful; and the Funeral Rites were perform'd as expeditiouſly

peditiouſly as poſſible, to ſmother the Noiſe of her wretched Cataſtrophe.

SUCH a ſurprizing Accident, of courſe, put bye the Nuptials for a while; ſome time was neceſſary for him to bewail his Mother's fatal End; and when a ſufficient, and decent time was elapſed, Preparations began a-new to be made for their Marriage: the young Gentlemen and Ladies thereabouts were invited, and a diffuſive Joy ſeem'd in every Countenance: Her Ladyſhip was brought home in a new, gilded Chariot, drawn by ſix *Flanders* Mares, attended by a Train of young Gentlemen and Ladies with black Velvet Caps, and white Feathers; all admiring the Beauty, and polite Behaviour, of *Iſabella*: She carrying herſelf ſo agreeably, as to oblige and charm both Sexes.

WHEN Supper-time came, *Hilario*, her Ladyſhip's Father, to the very great Surprize of all that were preſent, took out of his Pocket, in ready Caſh, and Bank-Notes, to the Sum of ten thouſand Pounds, and made a Preſent

ſent of it to *Sylvian*; and promis'd him five thouſand more at the Birth of the firſt Child: This, no doubt, he did in return to *Sylvian*'s Generoſity, who had before ſettled his Eſtate on his beautiful and deſerving Lady, without any View of ſuch a Donation from *Hilario*; neither was her Ladyſhip's Extraction ſo mean as commonly reported; for, her Grandfather had been Repreſentative in Parliament for the ſame County; but her Father, being a younger Brother, having a ſmall Eſtate left him, turn'd Farmer; her Mother was likewiſe a Gentlewoman, and had three thouſand Pounds to her Portion: This I only mention, to take off the Aſperſions that have been caſt by ſome envious People, on the meaneſs of her Ladyſhip's Birth; for none can become the Station ſhe is in, better than her Ladyſhip: To recite her Virtues, ſo publickly known, would be needleſs. All I ſhall ſay, is, I believe her to be the moſt obliging, chaſte,

and

chaſte, and dutiful Wife, and moſt ſincere Friend; and lives ſo juſt a Life, that ſhe is an Ornament to her Sex.

As for the Fellow that perpetrated that flagitious Crime, a juſt Vengeance overtook him; a Fever ſeiz'd him, and in his Deliriums, diſcover'd the whole Truth of the Story, as has been related; and in extreme horror of Mind, died.

Sophia and *Alexis.*

SOPHIA was Step-mother to ALEXIS, and had a capacious Soul for Love, where the ſweet Paſſion had free Acceſs to her amorous Heart: Her Eyes explain'd the ſoft, languiſhing Wiſhes contain'd within her ſnowy Breaſt, and ſeem'd to drink full draughts of pleaſing Imaginations, from each Glance of a deſir'd Object.

ALEXIS was young and beautiful, rather inclin'd to fierce *Mars*, than a Votary of *Venus*; took more Delight in talking of noble Atchievements of War, the thund'ring Cannon, and

and inſpiring Trumpet, which alarm each heroick Faculty, and excite a Thirſt for Glory; than in repeating the melting, inſinuating Language of a captivated Heart. *Sophia* obſerv'd her beautiful Son-in-Law with a Lover's Eye, and ſoon the raging Paſſion made ſtrong Impreſſion in her yielding Heart; ſhe ſigh'd, and kiſs'd his ruddy Cheeks; cloſe and eagerly claſp'd in an Extacy of Tranſport, and ſhedding fond Tears of a Mother's Tenderneſs, as *Alexis* thought, would oft diſſuade him from ſuch maſculine Engagements as he delighted in; repreſenting the Dangers of War, and the Fatigues and Difficulties of the Field; and that the ungovernable Ball had no reſpect of Perſons; that the ſteel Sword would pierce his youthful Boſom without Regret; and the fierce, neighing Steed would trample on that lovely Form; whilſt ſome unhappy Fair ſat penſive in a lonely Shade, wiſhing to hear the joyful News of Victory; but the ill-boding Raven declares in melancholly Strains,

the

the Tydings of her *Alexis*'s Death. Thus ſhe, alarm'd by Sympathy of Nature, forgetful of her Safety, runs regardleſs, with her Hair diſhevell'd, and her Eyes ſwol'n with Grief; ſtops each Paſſenger, to know the Truth of her deſpairing Thoughts; till, at laſt, the News arrives, the mangled Body is brought to be laid in its ſilent Tomb, whilſt the unhappy Fair views each disfigur'd Feature, and wipes thoſe Cheeks that are now ſo charming, then diveſted of each Beauty, with grim Death ſitting in Triumph on thy pale Brow! Conſider, thou faireſt Boy, Title and Precedency is thine already; what greater Glory can thy aſpiring Soul wiſh for? thy Form is of too tender a Softneſs to bear the rough Attacks of War; the Gods deſign'd thee, *added ſhe*, rather to guard and bleſs ſome happy Fair; to paſs unnumber'd Days in mutual Flames of never-ceaſing Joys, interchanging Love and rapturous Pleaſures a thouſand Ways, ſtill centering to one bliſsful Thought.

THE ungenerous World may think I diſſemble with my lovely Son; far be it from me to deceive the only, dear, enchanting Youth my raviſh'd Eyes ever ſaw: Believe me, I ſpeak with a Mother's Tenderneſs, a Lover's ſofter Wiſhes, and a ſincere Friend's Advice: More I could ſay, but my fault'ring Tongue is not able to expreſs the Apprehenſions I conceive, ſhould my dear *Alexis* purſue Glory in the Field: therefore, decline thoſe Thoughts, and ſeek ſome more pleaſing Banner.

SUCH Diſcourſe as this, at laſt, alarm'd *Alexis*'s Heart, and the ſweet Paſſion of Love diffus'd itſelf through his young and vigorous Veins: he ſat attentive to the ſoothing Accents that flow'd from his amorous Mother's Tongue, and felt a ſecret Pleaſure, till then unknown, in each Sound; their repeated Kiſſes, gave another Thought, as earneſt of a greater Bliſs. Trembling, and tranſported, he gaz'd like one awak'd from a Lethargy of Neglect; returning Sigh for Sigh, and

Glance

Glance for Glance, till he was entirely captivated with the melting Thoughts of Love; ſtill encroaching on the Liberties of a Son, to the unbounded Familiarities of a youthful, amorous Lover. *Sophia* made no Reſiſtance to the Embraces of the enchanting Boy, but encourag'd each tender Advance of Love to the fartheſt Extent; while Shame, like a beaten Soldier from the Field, left her Thoughts: Her Cheeks were fill'd with deſirous Flaſhes of wanton Arts, to encreaſe the Fire ſhe had kindled in *Alexis*'s Breaſt. Oh, how bleſs'd did *Sophia* think herſelf! ſhe hugg'd the inceſtuous Thought, and gave *Alexis* free Admittance to his Father's Bed.

The Thought affrights not ſhe, but ſhe inflames,
Mother and Son are Notions, very Names,
Of worn out Piety, in Faſhion then,
When old, dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men;
But braver *Jove* taught, Pleaſure was no Sin,
And with his Siſter did, himſelf, begin.

OVID.

THUS each Night and Day was paſs'd in thoſe deteſtable Joys; free were they from buſy Spies, nor could any ſuſpect a criminal Correſpondence between an indulgent Mother, and obedient Son: the oft-repeated Kiſſes and kind Glances were imputed to a Parent's Tenderneſs; dull *Saturn*'s Rules *Sophia* deſpis'd, and purſued the braver *Jove*; nearneſs of Blood, and Kindred, were beſt prov'd in the cloſe Embraces of Love, which ſhe, and her youthful Step-Son, enjoy'd uninterrupted: the Vows of Conſtancy and League were ſign'd with ſtrong Imprecations on each Side, and the Dictates of the God of Love obey'd in the ſtricteſt Rules.

Alexis became a perfect Votary to *Venus*, and was loſt in all the Effeminacies of a young *Adonis*: the Spinnet, and alluring Sound of a Lover's Voice, wrought more on his Heart, than the alarming Drum, or neighing Steed; *Mars* was entirely rejected, and the Glories of a Field deſpiſed; Reaſon faulter'd, and gave way to a blind

blind Archer, who ſway'd the unthinking Youth, and captivated each Faculty; he lov'd *Sophia* beyond Expreſſion, and without Remorſe defil'd his Father's Bed: Several Years he paſs'd in thoſe guilty Pleaſures, till the Tyrant Death, and the haſty Hand of *Atropos*, cut the Thread of *Sophia*'s Life.

God reſt her Soul; Love was her chiefeſt Crime;
If for that Fault the Gods, alas! deſign
A Puniſhment in future Age to come,
Tremble all *Europe* at your fatal Doom:
Unleſs you'll fix a firm Reſolution,
And to the Altar fly for Abſolution:
But ſoon that Vow, I fear, you'd violate,
In being guilty of the ſame Miſtake;
But, thanks be prais'd, in this Reform'd Nation,
We've got much better Notions than Confeſſion.
We here may ſin each Day and Night with Pleaſure,
And in our Cloſets can repent at Leiſure:
Then who can tell how poor *Sophia* griev'd,
When 'twas too late her Folly to retrieve?
However —— let us judge her with Compaſſion,
And ſink the Satyr in our preſent Station.

BRITISH
10 JY 94
MUSEUM

Lucretia and *Vincent.*

LUCRETIA was an Heireſs of a very plentiful Fortune, and her Father dying, and leaving it in her own Hands, PIERRE, the Chaplain, had a wiſtful Thought after her Riches; and being a Perſon verſed in all the Arts of Love, made his Advances towards her in ſo inſinuating a manner, that he ſoon gain'd the Aſcendant of *Lucretia*'s Heart: He inſtructed the young fair One in her Duty towards GOD--and Man, in ſuch moving Language, as alarm'd *Lucretia*'s Soul to perform her Duty to both: and, without doubt, there might be ſome Se-

Secrets ſhe was deſirous to be learn'd in, both preſent and future, that *Pierre* might make a Caſe of Conſcience, without the ſacred Vow: and as it is natural to long after forbidden Fruit, it is very poſſible that *Lucretia* might not be deſtitute of that Inſtinct of her Forefathers, of wiſhing to be wiſer.

But ſhe purſued thoſe Deſires in a prudent manner; firſt, ſecuring her Fortune ſafely to herſelf; and then, her Body and Soul to the Care of her ghoſtly Father.

It is, to me, very myſterious what *Pierre* propos'd to himſelf by marrying this young Lady; unleſs he was well aſſur'd of ſome private Charm he had to adminiſter to her when the Vow was ſolemniz'd; but if ſo, too certainly it proves of none Effect; for *Lucretia* ſoon grew weary of the Bands: and, as it was not publickly known abroad, ſhe made a handſome Propoſal to *Pierre*, if he would renounce all Pretenſions towards her, ſo that ſhe might chuſe another Mate. Money is too great a Temptation to re-

reſiſt; all the Divinity and Philoſophy that *Pierre* could ſummon to his Aid, could not withſtand its mighty Force; ſo that it was conluded, that *Lucretia* ſhould give *Pierre* five thouſand Pounds, and a ſmall Annuity for his Life, and the Lady be at her Freedom.

SOON after, ſhe fix'd on a certain young Nobleman, whom I ſhall call VINCENT, to be her Companion: ſhe then began to have a Notion of Grandeur, ſplendid Equipage. aud a gilded Chariot; which ſo charm'd the Hearts of the young Gentlemen, that each wiſh'd for the Poſt that *Vincent* was in, of being the pretty Lady's Coachman.

IT ſeems to me very whimſical, that *Lucretia* ſhould (after being diſappointed in her firſt Choice) chuſe ſo little a Mortal to make up the Deficiency: but there is nothing to be ſaid on that Subject, becauſe People's Perfections are not to be gueſs'd at by outward Appearance. 'Tis Converſation thatdemonſtrates theTruth; and, without

out diſpute, *Vincent* is poſſeſs'd of Excellencies that *Lucretia* has diſcover'd, which have ſo engag'd her Heart: they ſeem equally pleas'd and tranſported with each other; *Vincent* is all Obedience, and attends the Lady to Park, Play, Maſquerade, *&c.*

I HAVE oft look'd from my Window, to ſee the gilded Chariot drove bye, with all imaginable Speed, *Vincent* guiding the Reins; whilſt the *Flanders* Mares play with their Bits, and ſtrike Fire with their Heels; *Lucretia* ſitting in State, like the Goddeſs in her winged Chariot, haſting to ſome ſhady Covert of a ſpeading Oak, to embrace the lov'd *Adonis:* Love ſparkles in her Eyes; each Poize of *Vincent*'s Hand to the Whip, excites a ſecret Pleaſure in her Heart; nor can the little blind Boy be more engaging, than *Vincent* in his pretty way of toying, to enflame *Lucretia*'s Heart.

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